VOL. CCXXXVII, No. 3081
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APRIL 18, 1959

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Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

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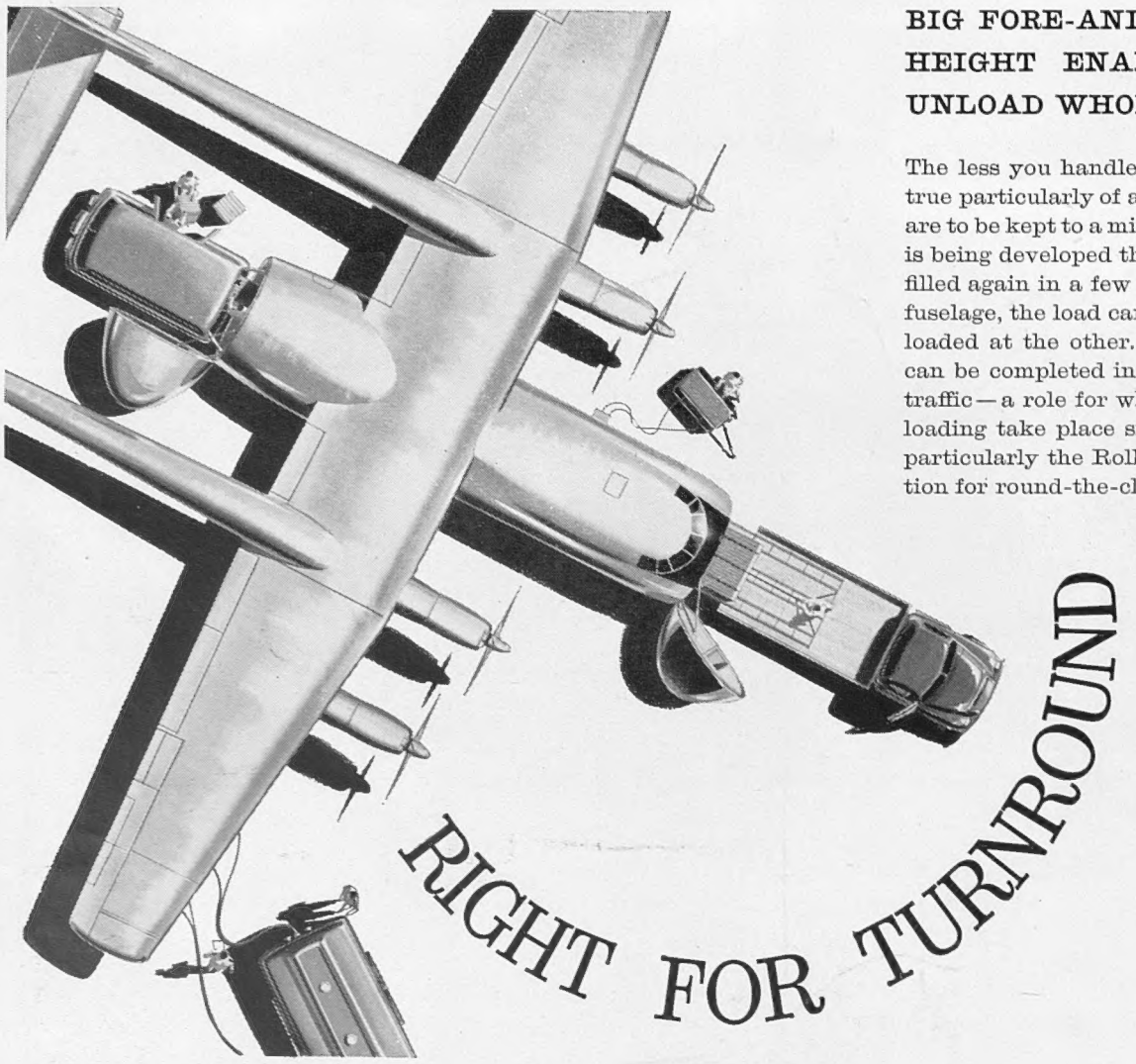

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Volume CCXXXVII No. 3081

The SPHERE, London, April 18, 1959

The SPHERE

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THE MARRIAGE OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF JAPAN—PRINCE AKIHITO AND PRINCESS MICHIKO AFTER THE WEDDING : After a simple ceremony lasting fifteen minutes at a Tokyo shrine, the Royal couple are seen on the steps of the Imperial Palace. The marriage was held at the Kashikodokoro ("the awe-inspiring place"), a shrine situated in a part of the Palace grounds. The ceremony was witnessed by the Chief Ritualist of the Palace and five members of the households of the Crown Prince and his bride.

The choice of a commoner for consort marked a break in tradition which had been much debated in court circles in Tokyo. But the marriage of Prince Akihito and Miss Michiko Shoda was held in strict observance of ancient ritual, and the popularity of the Royal couple and the enthusiasm which greeted the marriage seem likely to strengthen the bonds between the Royal family and the people of Japan. Shortly after daybreak the bride was driven to the Palace, where she was attired in the juni-hitoe, the "dress of a dozen garments" worn by the ladies of the Heian court ten centuries ago. Prince Akihito arrived at the Imperial Palace a little later and donned the oni no ho; this ancient costume consists of orange and yellow robes symbolic of the rising sun. The ceremony was held in a group of wooden buildings in the centre of which are three sanctuaries facing an open court. The Royal couple were followed by a chamberlain carrying the sacred sword which has been passed from Emperor to Heir Apparent since 889. After the Crown Prince read the marriage vows the couple drank a cup of rice wine; from that moment they were man and wife. (Further pictures page 80).

Postage—Inland, 4d. ; Canada, 1½d. ; Elsewhere Abroad, 4½d.

THE EASTER BANQUET AT MANSION HOUSE: The Lord Mayor of London and Lady Gillett (standing in front of the two chairs —centre, right) receive their guests at the traditional banquet. The Lord Mayor, proposing the toast of representatives of foreign and Commonwealth Governments, said that he would be paying a State visit to Spain early next month.

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

The Budget of 1959—"All along of" my profound ignorance of finance, private or public, the reception of each year's Budget invariably induces in me the reaction: How very simple! What was all the much-publicised "period of gestation" by the Chancellor about? Equally ignorant of military strategy, I have often felt that the "master plan" which secures a victory is also limited in scope and permutations. You must keep your vital reserve, you envelop from the left flank or the right and feint at centre or on the other flank. The permutations of strategy are limited alike for chancellors and generals. If a chancellor makes concessions, he makes them in direct or indirect taxation, or both, and he knows pretty well what indirect sources are too valuable to whittle down. But all praise to Mr. Amory for his hard thinking and hard work, and his clever exploitation of his possible moves. Some will call it a people's Budget, some a capitalists' Budget, some a brewsters' Budget. Some will shake their heads over his rashness, others over his caution. He can't please everybody, for taxation pleases nobody and reliefs are never adequate. For my part, I think he has been clever in his attempt to implement his three vital objectives. Selfishly (because I drink petrol, not beer) I argue that he could have benefited more taxpayers by using what he could spare to relief of beer drinkers on relieving petrol users. For petrol prices affect the cost of every single item we need for adequate and healthy subsistence, while beer is *not* a necessity. As for his income-tax cut, the whole Nation had long ago determined that he *must* make one, and he compromised between the minimum and the maximum we demanded. A standard rate of 7s. 9d. is much more difficult to calculate than one of 7s. 6d., but we mustn't complain. The purchase-tax reliefs also are quite substantial. A new family car will cost us £50 less, and domestic aids, furnishings and gadgets will all come out a little cheaper. But now all depends on our keeping the cost of living steady, continuing to save, spending our surplus on investment, working hard and being content with our pay packets, so that we can earn in a very competitive market enough money by our products to pay for our food and raw materials and Mr. Amory's Easter eggs. The Chancellor's second Budget lets one very big cat out of the bag. No General Election till autumn, if then. There isn't time for one till August.

Monty at the Kremlin—I remember doubting the words expressed by Lord Montgomery just before his retirement that the time had come for him to enjoy in privacy some years of rest and contemplation. In the event, he has been as controversial a figure and as much in the public eye as in the height of his military activity, and he has worked as hard as any Minister of the Crown or managing director of a big business. I am sure he is not a man for privacy and retirement and that he revels in the stresses of the public arena. And now, with the blessing of the Premier and the good wishes of the public, he is off to Moscow as a private individual to see whether a new "master plan" may not ease open a little wider the iron door which still separates East and West. We know from his book and his lectures that if his wartime "master plan" had been followed, Berlin would probably be no problem to-day and East-West relations less difficult and prickly. His confidence in himself and his rightness has often been justified by results, and, for my part, I wish him success in the arts of peace as outstanding as that which he achieved in the arts of war. In Khrushchev he has a fighter as worthy of his steel as he found in Rommel; and if he can use the olive branch as shrewdly as the sword, the battle of the Kremlin may be as important in history as Alamein or Normandy. In any case, he is ostensibly going on a reconnaissance, as did the Premier, to find things out and have a stab at it, and Khrushchev has welcomed the visit. He is assured of publicity and plenty of hard work for some time to come, whatever other events may occupy our minds.

The Prince of Wales—Little boys at private schools take the rough with the smooth. Educated at home by governesses and tutors, they no doubt gain on the swings of comparative immunity from infectious diseases which run through boys-in-communities, but they lose much more on the roundabouts of companionship and organised lessons and games. And, anyway, royalties are no more immune from childish and other diseases than ordinary folk, and to get them over early in life is an asset. I am sure the Prince of Wales has no regrets for the decision to send him to Cheam, for I dare say his run of bad luck has gained him as many days of enforced freedom from his books as they have lost him carefree holidays. But he has certainly had a dose of these mild complaints and accidents concentrated in a short time at Cheam, and I feel a certain sympathy with his headmaster and the school staff. But, looking back on the education of princes since the Hanoverians came in, how right was the decision of the Queen and the Duke to give him the chance to take the rough with the smooth in the rough-and-tumble of private school life which teaches a boy to know himself and build up his character, and even find his natural level among contemporaries over whom he will one day be called upon to reign. Denied those early advantages, how many of our young princes in history found their childhood boring and depressing and were compelled to learn later and the harder way that, if they were destined to hold unique and lonely eminence, they were none the less men of like passions with their subjects.

Council Houses—About 12,000,000 people to-day live in council houses and at the present rate of building, every year adds another 300,000. The L.C.C. owns nearly 200,000 of these houses. There is a Central Housing Advisory Committee over which the Minister presides, which considers and advises on council estate management. It has a big and important task, for vital questions are concerned. For instance, is the council house enterprise a business matter of profit and loss for the council, or is it an altruistic movement with the happiness and comfort of the tenants as the chief aim and end? If it be the latter, then the standards of building efficiency are all-important. The roofs must withstand an autumn gale, and damp and draughts be rigorously excluded; the layouts and the open spaces and their amenities are important, and the housing managers must include architects and designers with liberal ideas. Some of the local councils still own very few such houses and have long waiting lists of houseless people. In such localities, should tenants (and there are to-day many) who can command a joint income of £1,000 a year be entitled to remain tenants of houses so badly needed by poorer people? There are questions, too, about the raising of rents which once again implies a balancing of the economic business angle with the altruistic "well-being of the tenants" angle. In its latest report, the Advisory Council lays down that management and maintenance costs are as important as capital cost. That principle has not always been implemented. What is certainly true in many rural areas is that the lower income groups in sore need of houses cannot afford to recondition the old cottages once occupied by farm workers. The £1,000-a-year-plus groups can and do. In my own district there is hardly an old cottage left which has not been converted into a week-end paradise for Jaguar owners—but that is perhaps beside the point.

Whigs on the Green—I was delighted to read that Mr. A. F. Holland has decided to stand at the General Election in the Whig interest at East Grinstead. That constituency at the last General Election returned Mrs. Emmet in the Tory interest by a huge majority against Labour and Liberal opposition. "Sussex," Mr. Holland declared, "is Whiggish to the core," and Whigs, he added, believe in freedom, private property and proportional representation, and in capital and corporal punishment where appropriate. They dislike punitive taxation, bureaucracy, the two-party system and the Liberal Party. He can count on one moral supporter in Sussex for certain; for most of his ideals are unexceptionable;

LEAVING FOR NYASALAND: At London Airport before flying to Central Africa are members of the commission inquiring into the recent events in Nyasaland. In foreground, from left, are Mr. Justice Devlin and Mr. E. T. Williams, with, behind on the steps, from left, Sir John Ure Primrose and Sir Percy Wyn-Harris.

DAMAGE TO ONE OF THE TWO PAVILIONS OF ASHDOWN HOUSE: Adjoining the National Trust house in Berkshire is the pavilion (right), which lost its roof in a fire just before Easter. Although it was not known how long repairs would take, it is expected that the house will be open to the public in May, for the first time. Situated on the Berkshire Downs, to the north-west of Lambourn, the house was built in the second half of the seventeenth century for the first Earl of Craven. The architect was probably a pupil of Inigo Jones. After the building was given to the National Trust a few years ago, much restoration work was carried out—including the removal of two wings dating from the Victorian era.

and perhaps the best way to eliminate the two-party system and to liquidate the Liberals is to introduce a fourth party. But it is child-murder, for the Whigs fathered the Liberals and the Radicals, and all the family quarrels which kept them so long in the Wilderness before 1832; and even when the Reform Bill passed, the great Whig landowners yielded nothing to the Tories in their detestation of rude hands laid on private property and privilege. By and large, Sussex, despite or because of the lack of Whig candidates, has long been an untroubled field in the eyes of the Conservative Central Office, and will still, for some time, be a safe testing-ground for new parties and new-old labels, even if the revival of Whiggery poses awkward questions as to the disposal of their votes among lukewarm Tories, if any.

Mosley Redux—Sir Oswald Mosley, who is sixty-two, is to return to the dogfight of politics. He has been nominated by his Union Movement to fight the General Election in North Kensington, this constituency including Notting Hill, the scene of last year's racial disturbances. Certainly, Sir Oswald has never shirked a trouble centre, whether his presence makes it so or whether trouble was already there. Sir Oswald has already represented both Harrow and Smethwick, and in his political career has played many parts and worn several political labels. Once a Conservative Unionist, he turned Independent and later Socialist. Presumably he will intervene in North Kensington under the banner of his making. It is almost a marginal seat, less than 3,000 votes separating the Socialist member from his Tory opponent at the last General Election. On his record, it is hard to say from which of the major parties he may filch most votes. But it may be taken for granted that he will ensure that the election is not a dull affair.

Oil and Troubled Waters—The "studiously correct" attitude of the Kassem Government towards the British Oil Companies in Iraq appears to have been reconsidered. At any rate, the Iraqi Economics Minister last week summoned to private interview the British representative of the British-controlled oil companies, and local correspondents see in that the first move to "nationalise" foreign oil companies. Iraq, it is suggested, can do better (with Russian help) than to receive a paltry £80,000,000 a year from a half-share in profits from foreign-worked companies. That was indeed what Persian Mossadek had in mind, but he was influenced more by nationalistic pride and less by alternative economic aids, and accordingly failed to make immediately a very good bargain for his country. Time will reveal the economic policy of Iraq more clearly as move follows move. Meanwhile, it is clear that the phrase "Oil on the troubled waters" needs re-definition to meet modern conditions. Oil in oil-bearing countries seems to be anything but a smoother of rollers and breakers. On the contrary, it is a No. 1 troubler of the waters. Recent history in the Middle East supplies all the evidence needed to justify a re-definition of that phrase. It has bedevilled and seduced nations and tribes, and made more serious trouble than it has conferred benefits on mankind.

A GIFT FROM PAKISTAN: Iqbal, one of two polo ponies presented to the Duke of Edinburgh by the President of Pakistan, General Ayub Khan, is led on to the ground at London Airport. In the same aircraft was a charger, Sultan, the President's gift to Queen Elizabeth.

Name This Child—It is a commonplace in the publishing world that without the vital ingredients of sex, violence, despair, rage, abnormality and so on, a modern novel cannot hope to pay its way, let alone become a best-seller. The appetite of the reading public for such dingy fare is still growing. But one enterprising publishing house took a risk and swam against the insanitary current. It produced a novel by a practised hand which contained no sex, no violence, horror, rage, degeneracy or revolt. It is a story of pure love, sentimental, compassionate, full of the goodness of life, good companions, wind-on-the-heath nice, clean stuff . . . and (incredible !) the book is selling 500 copies a week, backed by the libraries and flaming reviews. Of course, the evangelist in the correspondence column was not allowed to advertise its name. But it could be discovered with a little sleuthing, for the firm is W. H. Allen and Co., Ltd. It (or some reader) might name this child to me. I should like to adopt it or be its godfather.

Student Stunts—I sometimes wonder whether the nation is not a little too tolerant of student stunts and rags. Nobody would wish to "pansify" the initiative of young men or prevent the accomplishment of deeds of daring and endurance by which Commandos are trained to perfection in war. But this is a congested island and the authorities are very hard put to it to keep order in it and to keep traffic moving on inadequate road systems. In easier, less congested days we admired undergraduates who walked from Oxford to London in evening clothes and pumps, but to-day I doubt if a journey from Edinburgh to London driving a motor lawn-mower was either necessary or desirable. That was accomplished last week by five technical students at Hatfield in ninety-nine hours, and received its meed of publicity in sober journals. I think these stunts should fit conditions of the day and be designed to disturb as little as possible the ordinary avocations of ordinary people; and these considerations should be in the minds of stunt merchants, raggers, and marchers in great causes, no less than in the minds of military organisations which seek to train their cadets in initiative, and even in the minds of those who organise motor and motor-bicycle rallies and tests of endurance. For, in truth, this island is too small, too congested and too preoccupied with serious business, to justify stunts which might be appropriate and commendable in the outbacks. The fire- and bomb-hoaxer is in another category. For him, hanging is too honourable a punishment.

THE OLD STAGER

Scenes of the Wedding in Japan

Crown Prince Akihito and his Bride Princess Michiko

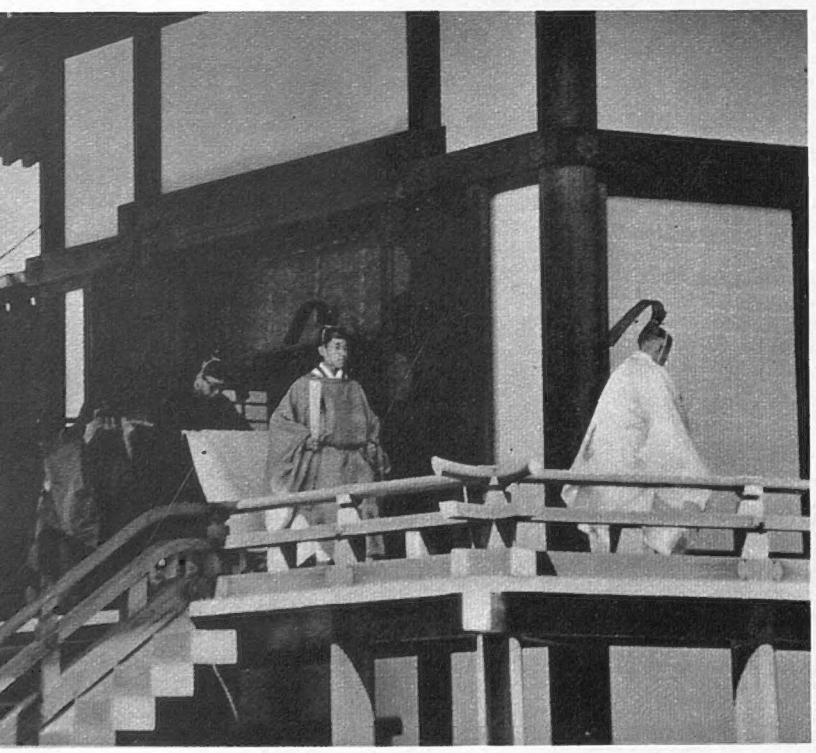
JAPANESE IMPERIAL WEDDING ROBES: In accordance with the ancient ritual, Prince Akihito wears the oni no ho, consisting of orange and yellow robes, symbolic of the rising sun and reserved for the use of the heir to the throne. His tall black lacquered hat is held in position by white silk cords and in his right hand he carries a shaku, or wooden wand of office. Princess Michiko, formerly Miss Michiko Shoda, wears the juni-hitoe, the formal costume of the court ladies ten centuries ago.

LEAVING HER HOME: Miss Michiko Shoda bids her family goodbye as she leaves for the ceremony. Left are her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Hidesaburo Shoda, and her brothers and sister.

On right—

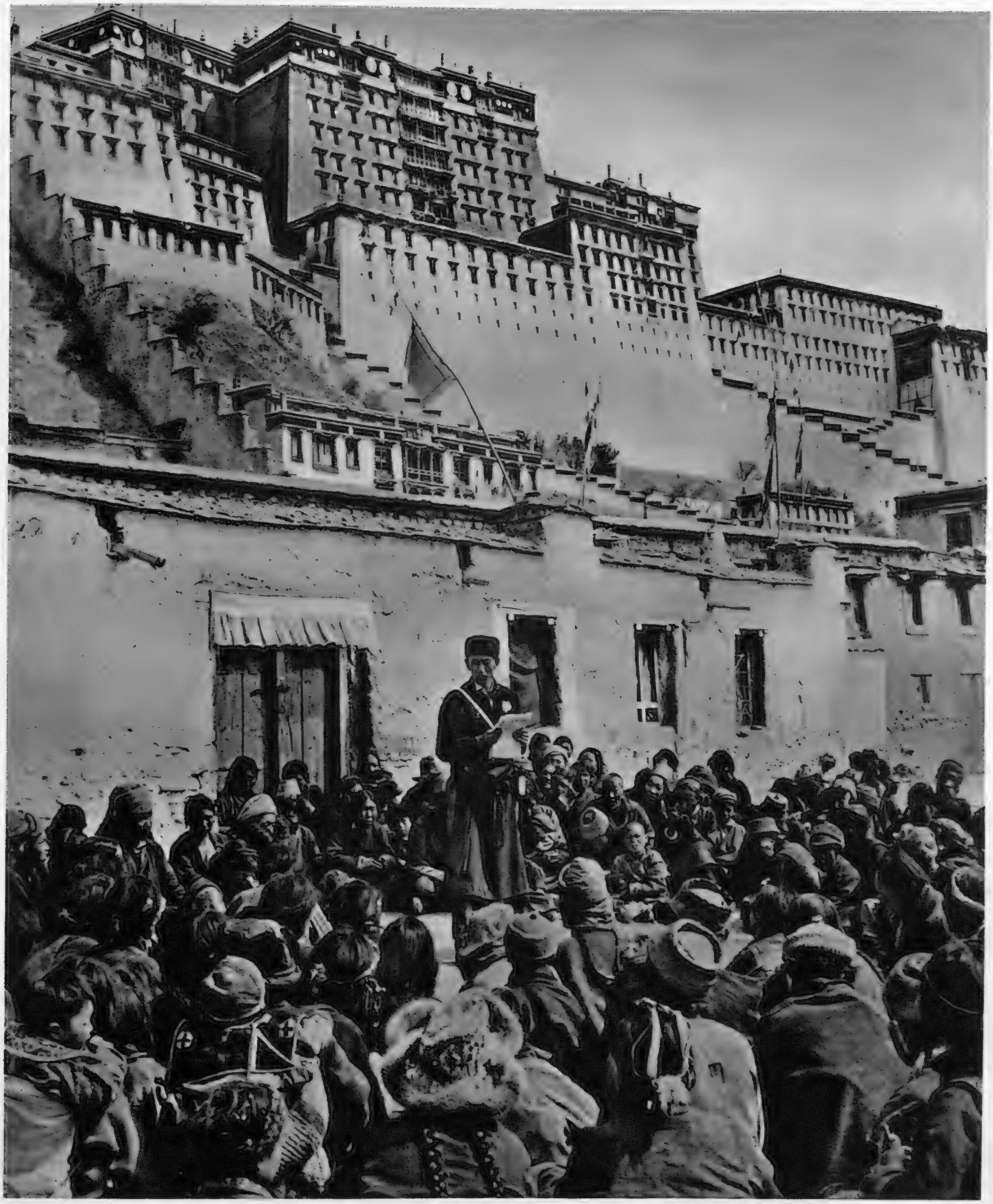
IN HER ROBES: The bride is driven to the shrine in the grounds of the Imperial Palace. *Below*—Prince Akihito passes through the crowds on his way to the Palace for the wedding.

AN INCIDENT AFTER THE WEDDING: Police and attendants struggle with a youth who had been trying to attack the Royal couple's coach during the procession through the streets of Tokyo.



FOLLOWING A TIME-HONOURED RITUAL: Prince Akihito leaves the shrine after the short ceremony. He is preceded by a priest and followed by a train-bearer and a chamberlain carrying the sacred sword.

A GLITTERING PROCESSION: The Crown Prince and Princess Michiko in their coach cross the bridge of the Imperial Palace on their way to Prince Akihito's palace in Western Tokyo. In the background are some of the vast and enthusiastic crowd of spectators who thronged the whole route.



IN THE SHADOW OF ONE OF THE FINEST SHRINES IN LHASA: A Chinese Communist official reads an edict to a group of inhabitants of the Tibetan capital. Behind them are the splendid ancient buildings of the Potala, or Palace, of the Dalai Lama. It is reported to have received some damage during the Chinese suppression of the Tibetan uprising. Other famous buildings are said to have been completely destroyed. Early this week the Dalai Lama was continuing his journey southwards from the border of India.

AFTERMATH IN TIBET

China Regains Control in Lhasa Following the Dalai Lama's Escape to India

It may be some little time before a clear picture emerges of recent events in Tibet and of their immediate consequences. At the beginning of this week the Dalai Lama and his retinue had still to give to the world their version of what had happened and it was not known when the Press would be able to hear their story. Certain reports coming over the border from other sources spoke of the most ruthless repressive measures by the Chinese in Lhasa after the Dalai Lama's escape (or, according to Pekin, his "kidnapping and forcible abduction"). The area of the Tibetan capital in which the uprising was said to have started had been razed to the ground, several buildings and shrines, among them the Ramochi Temple, had been totally destroyed and the great Potala, or Palace, of the Dalai Lama himself, which is Tibet's most sacred shrine, had been damaged. From pictures reaching London the damage does not appear to have been very extensive. Outside Lhasa there were signs that the Chinese had not yet regained control, in spite of massacres of Khamba tribesmen and the arrest and dispatch to forced labour of large numbers of monks in monasteries hostile to the Communists. A "resistance government," headed by surviving Khamba chiefs, claimed to have authority over huge tracts of south and east Tibet.

In India and in the smaller states bordering on Tibet, such as Nepal, Bhutan and Sikkim, there was growing anxiety over the Chinese action, although it was understood that Mr. Nehru was still hoping to mediate between China and Tibet and was drawing up a plan with this in view. The Dalai Lama, with his mother and his sister in his *entourage*, had trekked through the wild and remote country from Tawang to Bomdila, where he was greeted by Mr. Nehru's special envoy, Mr. Menon, formerly Indian Consul-General in Lhasa. In Delhi it was announced that arrangements were being made for the Dalai Lama to stay at Mussoorie, a Himalayan hill station 150 miles north of Delhi.

The News in Pictures

THE 100TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ANGLICAN CHURCH IN JAPAN: A general view of the opening service in the Metropolitan Gymnasium in Tokyo, attended by church dignitaries from several countries. There were over 9,000 in the gymnasium which had been converted into a church.

ENGLAND'S REPRESENTATIVE AT THE CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS: For the opening service the Archbishop of Canterbury wears the cope and mitre which had been presented to him by the Nippon Sei Ko Kai (Japan Holy Catholic Church) at the time of the Lambeth Conference in 1948. Dr. Fisher, who is spending several days in Japan, is taking part in a number of services and other events in connection with the centenary. On his way from England to Japan, he paid a short visit to India. Among the other church dignitaries who are attending the centenary celebrations is the Presiding Bishop of the American Episcopal Church, who preached the sermon at the opening service. The Nippon Sei Ko Kai is governed by its own bench of bishops. Besides about 250 ordained Japanese priests there are many other Anglicans (both priests and laymen) working with the church.

THE PRIME MINISTER OF JORDAN IN LONDON: Mr. Samir Rifai is greeted by Mr. Selwyn Lloyd at the Foreign Office. The Jordanian Premier, who combines with this post the portfolio of Foreign Minister, was accompanied by Mr. Daoud, Minister of Finance, and Mr. Faiz, Minister of Agriculture. Later they lunched with Mr. Macmillan at No. 10, Downing Street. It was understood that the talks between the British and the Jordanian Ministers centred round the economic aid which Britain is giving to Jordan. The Government in Amman is known to be seeking an extension of this assistance. Mr. Rifai's views on the current situation in the Middle East were also, no doubt, listened to with interest. He left London for Jordan on Sunday last. King Hussein of Jordan is expected to arrive at London Airport from America to-day (April 18) for a ten-day private visit.

THE SPACEMEN OF AMERICA: The seven United States military test pilots who have been selected to take part in the first attempts at manned flights into space are seen at a Press conference in Washington. They are, from the left: Captain D. Slayton; Lieut.-Commander A. Shepard; Lieut.-Commander W. Shirra; Captain V. Grissom; Lieut.-Commander J. Glenn; Captain L. Cooper and Lieutenant M. Carpenter. All are married and have children. The pilots volunteered for the assignment in space and it is understood that their training will take about two years. By this time the first manned space satellite should be ready for launching under America's "Project Mercury."

RESCUE OPERATION BEHIND THE KARIBA DAM: *Left*—Launches carry to safety wild animals trapped on small islands as the waters of the Rhodesian dam rise. *Right*—Africans lift an animal out of the water surrounding one of the small islands. According to the President of the Game Preservation and Hunting Association of Northern Rhodesia, many thousands of animals are being drowned. The Northern Rhodesian Government launched its first large-scale rescue operations four months after the lake began to fill. On the islands on the north side, rapidly becoming smaller as the water-level rises, are elephant, zebra, antelope, waterbuck and smaller animals. There has been much controversy over the original official view that the animals would swim to safety. Many apparently did not do so, remaining where they were until too weak to move.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

NORTH ATLANTIC SHIPPING: Against the famous Manhattan skyline the Cunard liner *Mauretania* manœuvres in the Hudson River before starting on a cruise. The vessels berthed at the docks are, from left: the Cunarders *Media*, *Queen Mary* and *Ivernia*; the French Lines' *Liberte*; the United States Lines' *United States*; and the Italian Lines' *Giulio Cesare*. The Cunard Steamship Company recently signed a twenty-year lease for the tenancy of an enlarged cargo and passenger terminal at New York, to be constructed by the Department of Marine and Aviation, New York City. This will make possible the concentration of all the Cunard Line's shipping activities in New York and New Jersey in a single unit of three piers and a cargo shed. The famous North Atlantic shipping line are also planning to replace the *Queen Elizabeth* and *Queen Mary* which together have maintained a weekly service between Southampton, Cherbourg and New York since 1947. The British Government will help meet the £50,000,000 cost of the replacements.

A ROYAL ENGAGEMENT: Donna Paola Ruffo di Calabria is to marry the Prince of Liège, who is the younger brother of King Baudouin of the Belgians. Donna Paola is the daughter of the late Prince Fulco Ruffo di Calabria, who was the head of one of Southern Italy's leading families. The date of the marriage has not yet been arranged.

On left—

THE "SKATE" RETURNS AFTER HER POLAR VOYAGE: The United States Navy nuclear-powered submarine comes alongside the jetty at Groton, Connecticut, after her record-breaking Arctic voyage. A large crowd turned out to welcome her home. *Skate* remained under ice for twelve days and surfaced at the North Pole, breaking through the ice with her conning-tower.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ON HIS ROUND-THE-WORLD TOUR: *Left*—His Royal Highness is welcomed by a group of schoolchildren during his visit to Christmas Island, in the Indian Ocean. The Duke arrived at Christmas Island on board the Royal Yacht *Britannia* after visiting the Gilbert and Ellice Islands. On Christmas Island he attended a meeting in the Maneaba (meeting house) and was presented with gifts and garlands. He also met officers and men of the British Army stationed on the island. *Right*—The Duke, using a light jack-stay, is transferred from the *Britannia* to the New Zealand frigate *Rotoiti*, for a short visit, during the voyage from the Solomon Isles to the Gilbert and Ellice Group. The *Rotoiti* was one of the escort vessels for part of the voyage in the Far East. The Duke of Edinburgh is due back in London at the end of the month.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

A FLOODED AND DESOLATE LANDSCAPE: Houses and trees stick up from the floodwaters covering the outskirts of Tananarive, the capital of Madagascar. *Below, left*—**Boats are used to transport people and rescue goods from devastated houses on the road from Tananarive to the airport of Ivato. The route was cut during recent cyclones and ensuing floods. Immediate aid, from relief funds both official and contributed by the French public, reached the island by air. Five out of six provinces of Madagascar, equalling about three-quarters of the area of France, were affected and thousands of people were rendered homeless.** According to official statements, the number of dead was not expected to be more than 500. Having surveyed the damage from the air, M. Tsiranana, the Prime Minister, estimated the damage at several million pounds. The Government of the island proclaimed a state of "national necessity" and a curfew was imposed on the capital to guard against looting. In the succeeding good weather a continual supply of aid arrived by air.

***On right*—**
ANNIVERSARY IN HUNGARY: Mr. Kadar (right foreground), Secretary-General of the Hungarian Communist Party, talks with citizens of Budapest after he had attended a military parade to mark the fourteenth anniversary of the liberation of Hungary by the Russian Army at the end of the war.

DISTURBANCES IN BUENOS AIRES: A car turned upside down by rioters in the Argentine capital burns fiercely. *Left*—**Demonstrators prepare to march towards Government House.** After strike action by members of the sixty-two Peronist trade unions, protesting against official intervention in the affairs of their unions, detention of leaders, and the continued mobilisation of railwaymen and oil workers, there were a series of running fights in the streets of Buenos Aires. Tear gas used by the police prevented any major concentration, and the rioters then attacked and burnt private cars. Two tramcars were set on fire and a number of shops were looted. The authorities had announced that any demonstration was prohibited. Many people were reported to have been injured—unofficial accounts spoke of several deaths.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE OPENING OF THE SECOND PARLIAMENT OF THE RHODESIAN AND NYASALAND FEDERATION: Sir Roy Welensky, the Prime Minister of the Federation, walks in procession with other Members for the opening of Parliament in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia. It was a historic occasion on two counts. First, the number of members had been increased to fifty-nine, fifteen of them Africans, in pursuit of the Federation's partnership aim. Second, it seems probable that the future of the Federation will have to be decided during the life of this Parliament. Speaking in the Assembly after the formal opening, Sir Roy declared that he believed a constitutional formula agreeable to all concerned could be worked out to meet the difficulties between the Rhodesias and Nyasaland.

THE SPEECH FROM THE THRONE IN SALISBURY: It is being read to the Members of the Federal Parliament of Rhodesia and Nyasaland by Lord Dalhousie, the Governor-General. He said that law and order had been completely restored in Rhodesia and that the situation in Nyasaland was improving. He went on to speak of Government plans for providing more opportunities for Africans to advance themselves.

On left—

THE FIRST FULL SESSION OF THE CYPRUS CABINET: At the inaugural meeting of the Interim Council of Ministers, Sir Hugh Foot, the Governor, sits in the centre background flanked by Archbishop Makarios and Dr. Kutchuk, the Turkish Cypriot leader. Second from the foreground on the right-hand side of the table is Mr. Antonis Georghiades, Minister for Communications and Works, formerly Chief of Staff of Eoka. Greek and Turkish Cabinet members took the oath of office in an atmosphere of great goodwill.

THE SEATO MILITARY ADVISERS' CONFERENCE: The Prime Minister of New Zealand, Mr. Nash, opens the conference held in Wellington, New Zealand. *Right*—In the transformed House of Representatives, Mr. Nash addresses the conference of the military advisers of the South East Asia Treaty Organisation. He said that members of SEATO—Britain, the United States, Australia, France, Pakistan, New Zealand, the Philippines, and Siam—accepted obligations to keep their armed forces at the highest level of efficiency. The SEATO Ministerial conference opened later in Wellington, attended by Mr. Sandys, the British Defence Minister, and Foreign Ministers of the other countries. Mr. Sandys stressed the dangers of subversion, a theme emphasised by others.

THE DELIVERY MEN OF BEIRUT

Members of the Kurdish Race Have a Virtual Monopoly of Porterage in the Lebanese Capital

A MAN AND A WARDROBE: Through one of the narrow streets of Beirut, a porter of the Kurd people carries a bulky piece of furniture to its destination. Since the capital of Lebanon suffers from traffic congestion, many goods, which range from furniture to food, are carried by porter.

GOING TO MARKET: Past the stalls and shops of the Suq (the market in Beirut) a carrier bears the carcase of a cow to a butcher's shop. Pack animals are forbidden inside the city and porterage is a monopoly of the Kurds

To adduce from the prolixity of proverbs on the subject of bearing burdens, the business was once a matter of great importance to men; although pack animals have been praised as long-suffering, it appears that the human carrier needed as much sympathy. And doubtless many porters would not have derived much comfort from Carlyle's "pious adage"—"The back is made for the burden." But to-day in Beirut, the Lebanese capital thriving despite the past internecine strife, porters are enjoying a boom period. The narrow streets of the city's centre and shopping districts, where the passage of motor vehicles is impeded by stalls and haggling traders and customers, are the scene of increasing traffic congestion. This has not been helped by the length and size of American cars, which are much favoured by some Lebanese.

In order to transport their goods the Beirutis resort to the porter. This is a trade which is virtually a monopoly of the Kurds, a race of proud, strong people scattered all over the Middle East. It is a familiar sight in the streets to see a vast load bobbing through the crowds as the porter, yelling for a right of way, jogs towards his destination. Pack animals are forbidden inside the city limits. The charge is about a shilling per load carried anywhere within the city. So large and complicated are some of the loads that the Kurds appear to bear out Ovid's latin tag—"*Leve fit quod bene fertur opus*"—"A burden rightly carried, becomes light."

AN ITINERANT BAKER: Through a residential area of the populous city, a baker carries his load of long loaves of French bread in wicker panniers. Bread is sold in the streets of the Lebanese capital.

"NONE KNOWS THE WEIGHT OF ANOTHER'S BURDEN": So runs the proverb. To English eyes, the Kurdish porter often appears to bear impossible loads. *Left* is a pack of seventy-five 5-gallon kerosene tins. *Right* is a burden which consists of more than twenty wooden boxes roped together. Many of the porters walk barefoot

WITH THE DAY'S SHOPPING: A porter is bowed under a basket full of packages and the stems of hubble-bubble pipes. Shoppers in the market often hire a carrier to take their purchases to their homes or waiting cars. The charge is about a shilling a load.

THE CARDBOARD CARTONS THAT WALKED: With his load almost concealing him from head to foot, a young Kurdish porter crosses the tramlines of a main street. Porters, who were a traditional sight in old Beirut, have thrived in this modern era of traffic congestion.

THE PORTERS OF BEIRUT: *Left*—Rope and heating appliances make a complicated load. *Centre*—Not only modern stoves but also ancient ones are carried. *Right*—Through the main street of the shopping centre a porter carries an advance message of good cheer. Although many of the carriers are barefoot and in rags, the business is a jealously guarded monopoly of the Kurds. A mostly nomadic race of people, they are found all over the Near East, and it has been estimated that there are over 3,000,000 of this ancient race.

A SCENE OF DISTURBANCE AT THE ALBERT HALL, IN LONDON: Stewards attempt to eject demonstrators during a meeting called by the Labour Party to protest over the situation in Central Africa and Nyasaland. According to reports of the fracas, a firework was let off during a speech by Canon Collins, the chairman of the Christian Action organisation, upon which hecklers began to shout from the back of the Hall. The organised demonstrators were said to be members of the National Labour Movement, a Right Wing group which has no connection with the Labour Party. Leaflets were showered on the audience urging the prohibition of further coloured and foreign immigration into Great Britain. During the scuffle, in which about a dozen people were involved, stewards removed a banner about 15 ft. long bearing the words: "Britain for Britons only." Nearly 1,000 people attended the meeting, the chief speaker being Mr. James Callaghan, the Labour Party's "shadow" Colonial Secretary.

HECKLERS AT A PROTEST MEETING

Scuffles at the Albert Hall, in London

SPEAKERS AT THE PROTEST MEETING: *Left*—The Rev. Michael Scott addresses the audience at the Albert Hall. *Right*—Another speaker is Mr. Joshua Nkomo, the President-General of the Southern Rhodesian African National Congress.

IN THE SCUFFLE: A girl is involved in the disturbances as stewards attempt to eject hecklers. It appeared that the stewards were ordered to avoid violence as much as possible, and the scuffle at the meeting lasted for only a few minutes.

AN INTERRUPTED MEETING: Stewards tussle with the demonstrators at the Albert Hall protest meeting. Hecklers shouted out slogans to the effect that the Right Wing National Labour Movement called for support for "white man's rights."

On left—

IN ACTION: A steward grasps a man during the confusion. In his speech, Mr. Callaghan declared that the Labour Party was still willing to work with the Conservative Government on a "united approach" to the Nyasaland problem. The Labour Party, he continued, had always recognised the economic value of federation and believed it should be given a fair trial despite opposition in Nyasaland.

World Affairs

No Hard and Fast Line

By JOHN CONNELL

THE basic question in international relations in the Western half of the world during the past few months has been: can the United Kingdom maintain the leadership and the initiative which her Prime Minister has displayed? Or are the forces of disunity and despair too strong? For much of the time the struggle has been studiously undramatic and expressed in the concepts and technical terminology of contemporary diplomacy (which, unfortunately, has developed into a priestly, mumbo-jumbo language, very imperfectly understood by ordinary people); this has to some extent blurred its impact, so that it is something of a shock to realise that the Western Foreign Ministers' preparatory conference is due to begin only eleven days from the date on which this article appears, and that the pre-Summit Conference between the Western Foreign Ministers and the Soviet Foreign Minister is scheduled to follow twelve days later.

Time has moved with hurrying steps, and statesmen's minds do not seem to have kept pace. When the British House of Commons returned to work after the Easter recess and plunged immediately into the agreeable exhilarations of the Budget and the debates on the Finance Bill thereafter, it was bleakly apparent that the deep fissures in Western policy towards the Soviet Union had not been healed. As between Britain, France, Western Germany and the United States, Britain still appeared then to be dangerously isolated, going it alone —however delicately, however modestly, however carefully—under the vigilant, resentful and suspicious eyes of her partners.

In articles on this page earlier this year I have not been sparing in my criticism of Mr. Macmillan's and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd's constant peregrinations from capital to capital; but I concede with gratitude and admiration that, while using the new, wearisome and imprecise techniques of modern high-level international relations, they have been together engaged on an exercise in diplomacy of the purest, most precise and most classical old-fashioned pattern. Lord Salisbury did it, at the end of the nineteenth century, by sitting in Hatfield and saying as little as possible in public; the circumstances of their time have compelled Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Lloyd to travel thousands of miles by air in all directions and frequently and cheerfully to face the microphones and the television cameras.

At the end of one of these journeys, when he returned from the NATO tenth anniversary meeting in Washington on the eve of Budget Day, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, denying (as he had both the right and the duty to deny) the existence of fundamental differences between Britain and the United States, summed-up the situation as he saw it with remarkable lucidity and conciseness: "We have certain objectives in these negotiations which are going to take place. We want to reduce tensions. We want to work towards some prospect of German unification which would be acceptable. We want to preserve the right of the West Berliners to choose their way of life, and we want to preserve the right of access to West Berlin. There was agreement on our objectives."

With the exception of the unification of Germany, which does not seem to me particularly desirable or necessary, these are objectives of which almost every responsible person in the West would surely approve. They are modest enough, and realistic enough, in all conscience. They do not rule out the possibility of change and development, of some step forward out of the long stalemate which has characterised East-West relations in Europe for years past. On the other hand they are not such as to bring the walls of Western defence tumbling down at the first blast of the Soviet Union's trumpet.

It is therefore on means, not on ends, that the Western Powers have differed from the beginning; and these differences have not been diminished by the fact that the initiative in exploring new means of reducing tensions has lain with Her Majesty's Government. When this period in post-war international relations comes to be studied by future historians they will, I hope, take note of the curious, subtle and constant interplay of domestic and external policies. What internal tensions there are within the Soviet Union it is for the expert on Russian affairs to diagnose; but in the West, where we conduct most of our affairs under the strong glow of publicity, this interplay has been very important in recent months.

The French are caught up in the complexities and the ardours of their own political and constitutional revolution, and in the rediscovery, under the President's inspiration and guidance, of the concept of French greatness. It ought not to be difficult to comprehend and sympathise with the external manifestations of this inner experience. The West Germans' attitude is no less comprehensible, though from the British point of view it edges off into exasperation; for the West Germans this specific issue of external policy is a question of life and death for their State, for their society and for thousands of them as individuals.

In the United States there has been a tendency, or so it has seemed to a good many outside observers, to confuse total paralysis of action with staunch and dignified moral firmness. This has happened because the President is ailing, tired and nearing the end of his second term of office, and because the Secretary of State —however indomitable his courage and perseverance— is far too ill a man to exercise authority and independence of judgment. The incapacity of the Government of the United States in recent months to show one spark of creative leadership, though inevitable in the circumstances, has been one of the most tragic aspects of the current phase in international relations.

It was not therefore by any cunning, far-sighted chauvinistic manœuvre that leadership in the West devolved on the British Prime Minister. Nor did he seize and exploit it for electioneering purposes, although British domestic affairs have certainly not been without their interactive effect on British external policy. The campaign in certain newspapers, and in certain fairly influential quarters in the Conservative Party, for an early General Election has been a significant expression of this interplay. Far more significant, however, has been Mr. Macmillan's quiet, steady disregard of this same campaign. I have never thought that there was any reason why he should give way to such pressure as was exerted.

This Parliament has been in existence for less than four years; it can, if the Prime Minister chooses, and if he feels that he has the support of a solid majority in the House of Commons and in the country at large, run another twelve months without the slightest difficulty. In the last foreign affairs debate before the Easter recess— admittedly on the complicated and vexatious topic of Anglo-Egyptian relations—the Government's majority, after a three-line whip on both sides, was considerably in excess of its known maximum. And on a series of challenges on domestic matters which the Opposition undertook—notably, of course, employment—the Government's majorities were hardly less solid and satisfying. These are what matter, and not straw polls, however scientifically conducted. Are they signposts pointing towards an early dissolution—or the reverse?

It is possible that the loudly publicised hints about a General Election in this country, and perhaps a consequent change of Government, have strengthened the tendency towards rigidity in East-West relations. If this is so, there is a disquieting analogy in the Potsdam Conference of 1945. In the first phases of these crucial negotiations the British Government were hamstrung by electoral uncertainty. With his instinct for magnanimity as well as constitutional propriety, Churchill took Attlee along with him; but Stalin, not unnaturally, was quick to take advantage of the curiously anomalous position in which both British statesmen found themselves.

Mr. Macmillan has never been slow to learn from mistakes, others' as well as his own. If there was, earlier this year, any atmosphere of uncertainty affecting the conduct of British external relations, that uncertainty was neither manufactured nor condoned by the Prime Minister. He has concentrated his attention, rightly, in my opinion, on two essential factors in a complex and tricky situation: his own determination to bring about, as far as he can and by his own methods, a measurable and permanent reduction in tensions in Europe; and his consciousness that he has a solid weight of support from the party which he leads, both at Westminster and throughout the country. The fulfilment of his external aim is, of course, contingent upon the maintenance of this domestic stability. Why endanger both (I would imagine that the Prime Minister has asked himself) by a precipitate and politically and constitutionally unnecessary and irrelevant dissolution and appeal to the country?

A manœuvre of this kind could put Mr. Macmillan himself, the Leader of the Opposition, and the interests of the Nation as a whole in considerable jeopardy. There is no reason to believe that the Prime Minister cherishes any very tender sentiments about Mr. Gaitskell (indeed he has shown a rather marked tendency to be pretty rough with him); but he is by no means lacking either in a proper self-interest or in a regard for the national interest. I do not think that there can be much doubt about the earnestness and persistence of the Prime Minister's desire to bring about a Summit Conference, and to use all his efforts to make the conference as much of a practical success as possible.

How far has he, in fact, carried the other three major Western Powers with him? To what extent have they— to borrow a favourite phrase of American politicians and officials when they disapprove of some action or attitude of others—really been "dragging their feet"? M. Couve de Murville, when he, like Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, came home from the Washington meeting of the Atlantic Council, was at some pains to point out that divergences of viewpoint—in particular the so-called hardening of attitude on the part of the German delegation—had been much exaggerated, and that whatever differences existed were about the tactics to be adopted towards the Soviet Union and not about essential strategy.

Then when it seemed that the source and root of Four Power inflexibility lay in the mind and heart of the Chancellor of the Federal Republic, and unless he budged, the differences between Britain and her Allies would deepen, suddenly and surprisingly Dr. Adenauer budged, by announcing that he would accept nomination for the Presidency. It is not easy, and I suppose it never has been easy, to draw a hard and fast line between internal and external policies.

ANGLO-GERMAN CONVERSATIONS: From left are Herr von Brentano, the West German Foreign Minister, Mr. Macmillan, Chancellor Adenauer and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd. The picture was taken last month during the visit of the British Ministers to Bonn, after their tour of Russia. Last week, Dr. Adenauer announced that he would retire from the Chancellorship and accept nomination for the Federal German Presidency in succession to President Heuss.

The Elgin Marbles

Controversy Continues Over the Famous Frieze in the British Museum

The seventh Earl of Elgin, then British Ambassador in Constantinople, brought the collection of statuary from the Parthenon of Athens to London at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Immediately there were cries of vandalism, that noted Hellenophile Lord Byron being prominent among the protesters. Such was the outcry that a Select Committee of the Commons was appointed to investigate the whole affair and entirely exonerated Elgin of any improper behaviour. Nevertheless, ever since then demands have regularly been made for the return of the Elgin Marbles, as they soon came to be called. Lately voices have again been heard in Athens talking in scandalised tones about "Greece's plundered ancestral treasures."

The facts of the case hardly justify these demands. When Elgin visited Athens it was a small, squalid city in the Turkish Empire. The Parthenon was a mosque—it had previously been used as a church—and much of the fabric of the Temple of Wingless Victory had been pulled down and incorporated in fortifications. The Greeks seemed indifferent to their treasures. Elgin recognised the value of these neglected works of genius, and it was he who obtained permission from the Sultan to move and preserve them. The task took years and inevitably required a major operation in transport. Elgin financed the whole business out of his own pocket. Later they were bought from him by the British Government.

SCULPTURE WHICH ADORNED THE PARTHENON IN ANCIENT ATHENS: The metopes, depicting the legendary battle between the Centaurs and the Lapiths, are among the Elgin Marbles in the British Museum. Recently there has been a renewal of the demands for the return of this unique and priceless collection of statuary to Athens, from where it was brought to London by Lord Elgin 150 years ago.

A HEADLESS GROUP: Some authorities identify the figures in the British Museum as three Goddesses—Hestia, the divinity of the hearth; Dione, the wife of Zeus; and Aphrodite, her daughter and the Goddess of Love. Others, however, consider them to be nymphs. The group is from the north end of the east pediment of the Parthenon frieze.

A CARYATID FROM THE ERECHTHEUM: It is one of six draped female figures which formed the entrance to the Erechtheum, a building of earlier date than the Parthenon.

MEN AND ANIMALS: The procession is part of the South Frieze. *On right*—The magnificent horse's head belongs to one of the animals which drew the chariot of Selene, the Moon Goddess. The sculptors who carved the marble ornaments on the Acropolis in Athens in the fifth century B.C. were Pheidias and other Greek artists of genius.

AN ISLAND IN THE EASTERN ADRIATIC: Houses and narrow alleys run down to the harbour of Rab. On the far side clusters of trees break the bare symmetry of the stony slopes. The island lies off the Croatian or northern section of the Dalmatian coast of Yugoslavia, which stretches from Trieste to Ulcinj, on the Albanian border. An increasingly popular way of enjoying the delights of this splendid littoral is to make a voyage from Rijeka (formerly known as Fiume) by way of the ancient city of Split to Dubrovnik.

THE MARKET AT RAB: Women display vegetables for sale. The market is held every morning and much of the produce is brought in on mules. Rab, which is usually the first port of call on a voyage down the Dalmatian coast, has a little town perched on a promontory.

On the Coast of Dalmatia

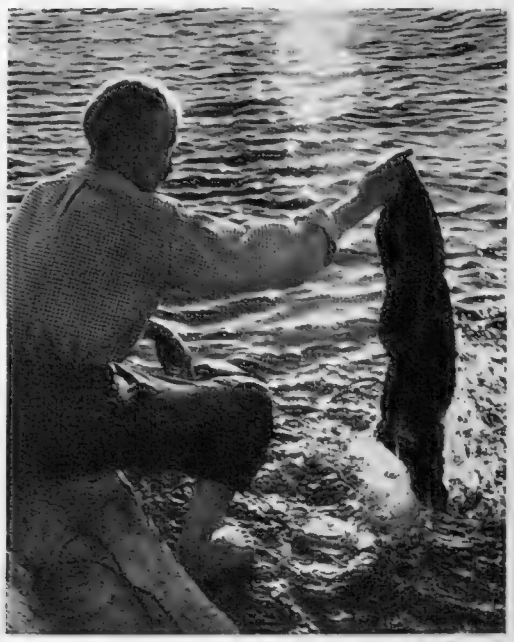
People and Places on the Yugoslav Seaboard

"WHAT country, friends, is this?" asks Viola in *Twelfth Night*, as she comes to land after being shipwrecked. She is informed that it is Illyria. It is impossible to believe that Shakespeare had any first-hand knowledge of the east shore of the Adriatic. But he could hardly have chosen a more suitable setting of natural beauty for a romantic play.

To-day the seaboard of Illyria is the Dalmatian coast of Yugoslavia. The Velebit Mountains and the Dinaric Alps provide a background which is often breathtaking in its splendours, and a long and fascinating history abounds in almost every town. In Roman times the Emperor Diocletian was born and died in Dalmatia, in the Middle Ages it was a battleground between Christianity and Islam, and in the present era it is the littoral of the only country in the world pursuing a course of National Communism as opposed to International (i.e., Russian or Chinese-controlled) Communism. One can travel by air, rail or road to reach most of the Dalmatian beauty spots. But probably the most satisfactory way of seeing them is by sea.

Steamers start the trip southwards to Dubrovnik from Rijeka (familiar to the older generations as Fiume), a busy port with shipbuilding yards. Calls are made at several islands lying off the coast, notable among them being Rab. Some may be tempted to go no further, for the island has numerous sandy bays which are ideal for holidaymakers, and the little town, with its daily market, is one of the most picturesque in Dalmatia. However, the temptation should perhaps be resisted, for ahead lie two world-famous historic centres, Split and Dubrovnik.

(*Continued on following pages*)



AN ESSENTIAL COMMODITY FROM THE SEA: A man rinses a skin which he will fill with water from the Adriatic and take home in order to make salt.

GRAPES FOR SALE: They are brought in baskets to the market on the island of Rab. There are many vineyards along the Dalmatian coast from which wines are produced.

HARBOUR SCENE: Young subjects of Marshal Tito's Nation Communist State engage in fishing in Dubrovnik. In th clear waters there is no difficulty in spotting the shoal

"THE PEARL OF THE ADRIATIC": The Placa is the main street in the centre of Dubrovnik, which is usually regarded as the finest city on the coast. Although it has suffered from fire and earthquake, it preserves a medieval appearance.

IN THE RESIDENCE OF A ROMAN EMPEROR : The tables form an open-air café in the forecourt of t Palace of Diocletian in Split. Diocletian (Cæsar from 284 to 305) founded the city. The habitab parts of his palace are to-day converted into dwellings and apartments for the people of Spl

ON THE COAST OF DALMATIA

(*Continued from previous page*)

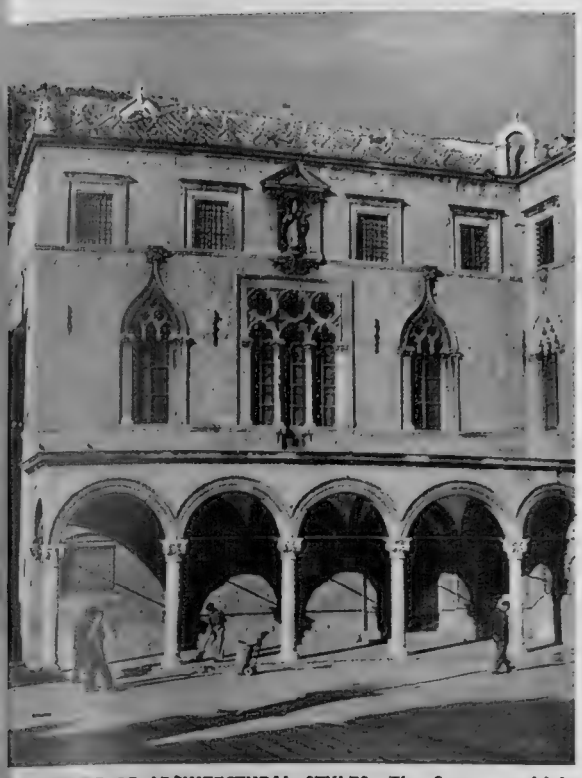
Split, called for many centuries Spalato, stands on a peninsula encircled by hills. Here the Emperor Diocletian built a palace in 303 and retired to it two years later when he abdicated from the throne. For English visitors it has a particular interest. The ruins of the palace were visited in 1754 by a young architect named Robert Adam. He made a careful study of the remains, which without doubt had a strong influence on the style of architecture which soon became associated with his name. Nowadays the habitable parts of the palace have been converted into dwellings for the people of Split and a café is established in the courtyard. A vast mausoleum was built for Diocletian on his death in 313. Three centuries later it was transformed into the cathedral dedicated to the Virgin Mary.

The southern terminal for the steamers is Dubrovnik. With justification ancient Ragusa has enjoyed for generations the proud title of "the Pearl of the Adriatic." Although 300 years ago it was ravaged by an earthquake and at different times fires have taken their toll of its buildings, Dubrovnik still retains a medieval appearance.

The city, surrounded by a wall, is divided into two parts by the Placa, or Corso, a street which was once an arm of the sea. Sculptured balconies jut out on the narrow thoroughfares, in which there is a marked absence of traffic, and the three most notable monuments are the Palace, the old Customs House, now a museum, and the Cathedral. Napoleon's Marshal Marmont, who much appreciated the architectural beauties of the city when he occupied it with French troops, took Ragusa as the title of his Dukedom.

Further down the coast is Kotor (Cattaro), and inland Cetinje, the ancient capital of Montenegro, is well worth visit, if only for the drive to reach it. The road runs roun the long inlet of the sea, Boka Kotorska, and then climb up and up with a series of hairpin bends. As the altitud increases, the views become more and more splendid a each bend until at the top there is a superb panoram stretching back to the distant sea.

History and scenery abound along the Dalmatian coas Yet for some these may take second place to observing the local people and the local conditions. Yugoslavia or the land of the South Slavs, is a Federation and on th voyage from Rijeka one passes five of its components- Slovenia, Croatia, Bosnia, Herzogovina and Montenegro The sixth federal unit is Serbia, which lies inland. Every where the inhabitants are friendly and, it is worth noting the Slovenes and Croats have for long been among th most highly educated and intelligent peoples of Europ



A MIXTURE OF ARCHITECTURAL STYLES: The Sponza, which combines Gothic and Renaissance architecture, was originally built as a customs house in Dubrovnik. Then it became a mint. In the seventeenth century it was the seat of the learned academies of the city. To-day it has been turned into a museum and exhibition centre.

THE CATHEDRAL AT KOTOR: The building is the central feature of the city in a bay in the south of Montenegro. Kotor (at one time Cattaro) is another ancient Roman town.

As opposed to the neighbouring Russian-dominated States of Hungary, Rumania and Bulgaria, one feels little of an atmosphere of Communism in Yugoslavia. In a country which has a mixture of religions—Catholic and Orthodox Christianity and Islam being the chief—the religious toleration granted under the constitution is observed in a large measure. The Press is controlled, but the regime can be freely discussed and one will even hear criticisms of it. Tito is the national hero and one finds an almost universal and sincere approval of him and what he has done for the country.

There is general admission that Yugoslavia now is better off than it was in pre-war days. Not the least achievement of the President is that he has stopped the domination of one group of South Slavs over the others. All in all, it is not difficult to move along the Dalmatian coast, enjoy its delights and the hospitality of its inhabitants, and forget that one is in a land that is Communist. This is because it is national and not expansionist. The setting for *Twelfth Night* also attempts in its own way to be the scene for "What you will."

A ROOFSCAPE IN DALMATIA: The camera looks down from the battlements of Dubrovnik over houses separated only by the narrowest of alleys. A view such as this has changed little over the centuries.

TWO FINE EXAMPLES OF THE CLASSICAL TRADITION IN YUGOSLAVIA: *Left*—The picture shows a detail in one of the colonnades of the Rector's Palace in Dubrovnik, which is a splendid example of Renaissance work. *Right*—The Onofrio Fountain is also in Dubrovnik. It was designed in 1437 by the Neapolitan architect, Onofrio de la Cava.

THE NEW "PHEASANT-LORDS"

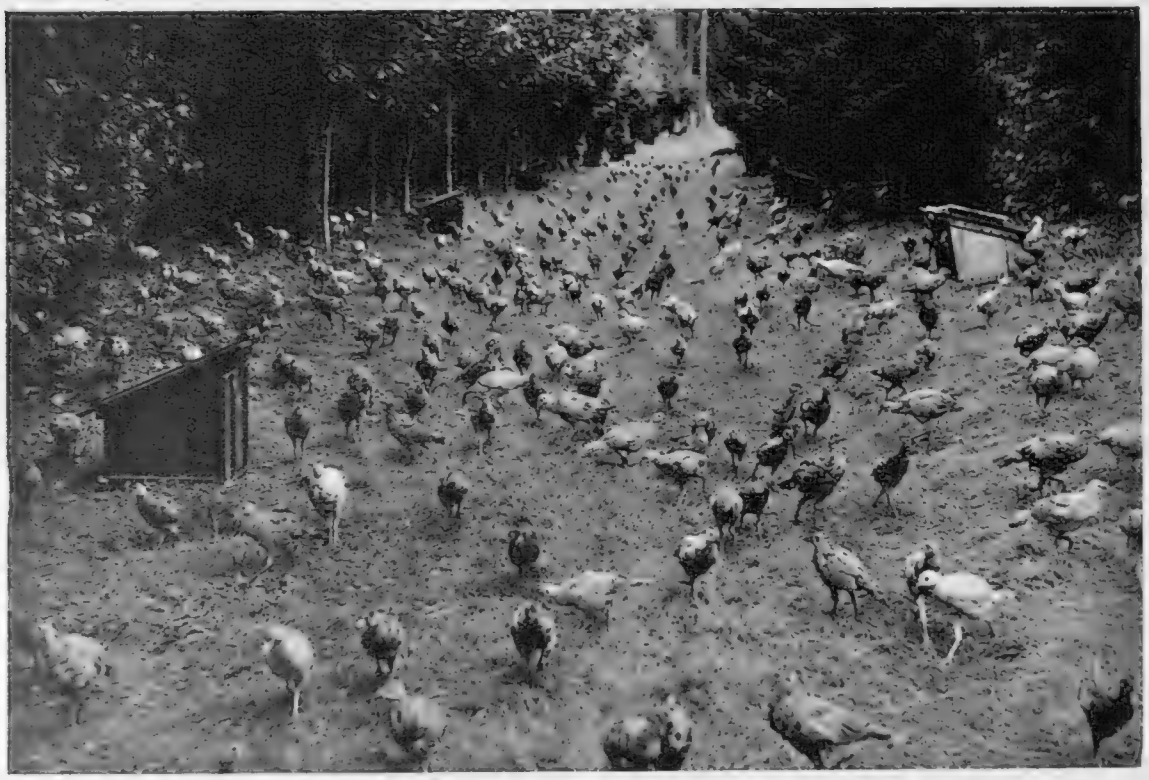
Although Catering for a Small Market, the Industry of Game Farming is Flourishing and is at Present Very Prosperous

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

ONE of the least known, at any rate to the general public, of British industries—and a very prosperous one—is that of game farming. That it should be little known is not surprising, for it caters for the needs of a relatively small proportion of the population, and that an essentially rural one. It is not surprising that in a predominantly urban nation it should be virtually unknown. But that it should be a flourishing, and, within its limits (which are necessarily narrow), an exceptionally prosperous industry is surely astonishing in view of all that has happened in the British countryside in the past thirty years or so.

In the halcyon days before the First World War, in what we now know to have been the golden age of game-bird shooting, in the era of the " record bag," one would have expected game farming to have been an exceptionally prosperous industry, even one producing its occasional " pheasant egg millionaire." But then there was no game farming industry, as such, at all. There was no need. You will find no mention of game farming, though you will find plenty about hand-rearing, in Tegetmeier's *Pheasants and Pheasant Rearing*, for example.

The hand-rearing of pheasants is an ancient enough art. Colonel Peter Hawker wrote this of pheasants in his *The Sportsman's Pocket Companion, Number 1*:



ON A PHEASANT FARM: Stalking over the grass are some of the pheasants on the farm at Sittingbourne, in Kent. The current price for early pheasant eggs is £12 10s. per 100. Much research has been carried out on food and feeding methods; to-day usually there is only one feeding-time every day instead of four.

> They are frequently kept in Aviaries, and often intermixt with Pheasants of another country, which produces a very fine breed. I have frequently kept young ones (for some time) by hatching the eggs under a hen, which they follow, whilst young; but no sooner are they capable of a short flight, than they betake themselves to the woods and common fields.

That was written in 1800, when Hawker was only fourteen years old. It shows, clearly, that the rearing of pheasants under hens was a well-known practice at the end of the eighteenth century. There are quite a number of references to it in the sporting literature of the time. For example, in his *To All Sportsmen*, which was published in 1814, Colonel George Hanger (afterwards Lord Coleraine) gives the most detailed and explicit instructions about the care and feeding of young pheasants in the coop. And in his *Gamonia: the Art of Preserving Game*, which was published in Hawker's heyday, Lawrence Rawstorne, of Penwortham, devotes a good many pages to the rearing of pheasants by hand. Yet it is significant that there is no other reference to the rearing of pheasants by hand in all Hawker's writings. In his famous book, *Instructions to Young Sportsmen*, which ran through nine editions in his lifetime (he died in 1853), he gives no instructions whatsoever about the rearing of young birds.

Now, this is surely very strange. I think that the only explanation can be that men like Hanger and Rawstorne were away ahead of their time (Hanger certainly was, for he dedicated his book particularly to farmers and gamekeepers, a singularly democratic gesture for the times) and that most people considered it rather unsporting to shoot " tame " (that is, hand-reared) birds. There can be no doubt that Colonel Peter Hawker did, for it is apparent from his diaries that he only shot at wild pheasants. It is also apparent from his diaries that, towards the end of his time, the pheasant was becoming a scarce bird at Longparish.

Perhaps the widespread adoption of the practice of putting pheasant eggs under hens sprang from a careful study of Hawker's writings. At any rate there gradually developed a firmly held belief that the pheasant could not maintain itself without the help of man, certainly not in sufficient quantity to meet the demands of the ever-increasing numbers of shooting-men who wanted driven birds. It is not true that the wild pheasant cannot maintain itself without aid from man—experience in two world wars has shown that the wild pheasant is very well able to look after itself—but in sufficient numbers to satisfy the ardent shooting-man is another matter altogether.

The fact is that you will very rarely see a wild pheasant with more than half a dozen young—at least when they have attained any size—and this would not provide sufficient numbers for serious shooting of driven birds, although it should content the rough-shooter happy enough walking-up birds at an occasional week-end. But it is well known that the hen lays more than half a dozen eggs. *The Handbook of British Birds* says " usually eight to fifteen," and suggests that larger numbers (as many as twenty-two have been recorded) are probably due to two hens laying in the same nest.

I should have thought that ten eggs might have been taken as being the average clutch of the wild pheasant, but J. Baily, a man with vast practical experience, says (in his *Pheasants and Pheasantries*) that if " a keeper knows of forty nests, seven eggs may safely be spared from each: this will give 280 eggs for tame rearing." Obviously, Baily considered something like fifteen eggs to be the average clutch. You may quibble at his figures, you may doubt if the average hen pheasant is as prolific as all that, but that was what was done: nests were plotted and the surplus eggs were removed for setting under broody hens. With a big staff of game-keepers it was a simple enough matter and there was no real need for the game farmer.

Even in those days, there were men to supply pheasant eggs for setting and the legitimate ones could, I suppose, properly be called game farmers. But there was no real industry. Game farming as an industry did not become established until after the First World War: it was a child of the age of specialisation. It is only in the shooting books of the '20's that you first find game farms mentioned as part, as an essential part, of the sport. It is only then that you find detailed discussion of the practice and ethics of game farming.

In the '20's, game farming boomed. Before 1914 you could buy pheasant eggs in May for £5 per hundred, and June eggs for as little as £2 per hundred. In 1920 May eggs cost as much as £15 per hundred and June eggs were around £7 10s. per hundred. It is no wonder that there were people who thought that game farming would provide an easy living. Quite a lot of ex-Army officers took it up, believing that they would have a pleasant open-air life away from the drudgery of the desk, that their pheasants would do the work for them. But in game farming, as in everything else, the vital work is done at the desk and these gentlemen went to the wall. For the rest, for those who realised that this was a business and must be treated as such, the boom period lasted until the Slump. The Slump hit game farming hard, and it was only just beginning to recover when the Second World War broke out.

That war, and its aftermath, has, as everyone knows, altered the face and the pattern of life of the English countryside. Most of the great estates have been broken up, few people can afford to employ a full staff of game-keepers—an estate which employed ten gamekeepers in the pre-Slump era now makes do with one—and large areas of the countryside are wholly unkeepered. All this, you might think, would pretty well have put paid to game farming as an industry, for, on the face of it, the game farmer must rely on the big shoot, the man who wants pheasants galore. Actually the reverse seems to have been the case. The break-up of the great estates would have appeared to have benefited the game farming industry considerably. Or rather, to have benefited most of them. For, the same thing happened after this war as happened after the first one.

Prices rose steeply and once again there was an influx of those who thought that here was an easy living free from the drudgery of the desk. There is a Game Farmers' Association. I do not know the exact membership—I am not particularly interested in any case—but maybe it is a score or twenty-five, something like that. The number is always changing anyway, and only something like a dozen or fifteen have been members for twenty years or more. It is this hard core that can truly be described as the game farming industry—not a very big one, you will realise—and it is this hard core of specialists who have ridden the revolution that has taken place in the English countryside since the war. But it could not have done so had its members not been men of initiative and, in some cases, inventive genius.

An enormous amount of research has gone into game bird production and management since the war. The break-up of the great estates did not mean less organised shooting: if anything it meant more shooting, though on a smaller scale. A different shooting public came into being, for the shooting rights passed with the farms. Where, in the old days, a game farm might have sold 2,000 or 3,000 eggs to one estate, it will now sell the same number of eggs but in lots of perhaps a hundred or so to twenty or thirty different men. I have no comparative figures, but I should be very surprised to find that there has been any real fall in the numbers of pheasant eggs sold annually by the established game farms. (Though there is a day-old chick industry and a fairish sale in poults, egg-production is the life-blood of the game farm.) But the break-up of the big estates brought about a completely different pattern of life, and it is this new pattern that has been the biggest challenge the game farms have had to face.

In the old days you sold your eggs and that was virtually the end of it: there were plenty of gamekeepers, men who could and did spend all day on the rearing field. Now there are not the gamekeepers, there is not the time, and as often as not there is not the space.

These conditions apply equally to the game farms: they have not the staff, the time, or, frequently, the space. By overcoming these difficulties themselves they have been able to advise their clients how to overcome them and this is most important. No man is going to pay £12 10s. per hundred (which is the current price for early pheasant eggs), if he cannot see his way clear to rearing them successfully. Still less is he likely to pay £35 per hundred for early partridge eggs, and the partridge side of the industry has become supremely important now that the wild partridge is finding life increasingly difficult. The game farmer to be successful can no longer rest content with egg-production and sales. He must now, as it were, provide an " after-sales service " by way of advice on rearing, and so forth. He must place the results of his research at the service of his clients.

The leaders in this field are, I suppose, the I.C.I. Game Research Station and the Cotswold Game Farm. The latter, who also manufacture game foods and show an astonishingly inventive genius in the matter of appliances, introduced the Cotswold System of pheasant rearing (which is, in effect, an intensive system, saving time and labour) in 1954 and it is now widely used throughout the country. (The same system, with but minor modifications, is now used also for partridges.) Much research has been done into food and feeding methods: once you fed four times a day, now only once. And there can be little doubt that the broody hen (an expensive item) is on the way out. The only thing that links the modern game farm with the same farm twenty-five years ago is the end product. That is certainly no whit inferior and has actually been improved. It really has been a triumph over what might easily have proved insuperable difficulties, a triumph of ingenuity and scientific research. The game farm is now established as it has never been before. It could now—oh, horrible thought—do without the shooting man, if the worst came to the worst.

AWAITING FINANCIAL ASSISTANCE: Although scaffolding has been erected, masonry surrounding this window on the north side of Winchester Cathedral cannot be restored until sufficient money has been raised. At present only small-scale work can be done.

AT WORK IN HAND: *Left*—The craftsmen are restoring the mortuary chest which contains the remains of King Harold. The other mortuary chests contain the bones of early kings and bishops. *Right*—A workman inspects the damage caused to the timbers by woodworm.

DECAYING STONEWORK: The buttresses at the north end of the Cathedral at Winchester are in urgent need of repair. They are among the earliest parts of the building scheduled for restoration when the money has been raised. Some stonework has already been repaired. The Cathedral authorities require £20,000 for immediate repairs to the fabric. Much of this money, it is hoped, will come from a fine art sale to be held later this month.

On left—
INSIDE THE CATHEDRAL: New railings have been placed round the upper part of the north transept.

URGENT REPAIRS AT WINCHESTER

A Fine Art Sale is to be Held in Aid of a Restoration Fund

Winchester Cathedral, the second longest church in Europe, dates from the eleventh century and stands on, or adjoins, the site of earlier churches going back to the second century of the Roman occupation. As Winchester was for many centuries the capital of England, the Cathedral is the last resting-place of several early kings whose bones are contained in small mortuary chests. The present church was begun in 1079 by Walkelin, the first Norman bishop, and a relative of the Conqueror, with subsequent additions, enlargements and alterations throughout the ensuing centuries. Probably the most famous episode in the building was the remodelling of the nave by Bishops William Edington (1346-66) and William of Wykeham (1367-1404). Further east, the great stone screen or reredos behind the high altar was made in the latter part of the fifteenth century, but the figures are modern. During the reign of Charles I, some effort was made to repair the havoc caused during the preceding years.

Recent works have been chiefly repair and preservation of the fabric, towards the cost of which the Friends of Winchester Cathedral have, between 1931 and 1958, subscribed £18,131. To-day, the task of maintaining the building is as great as ever. Many urgent repairs are necessary, particularly with decaying stonework, defects in the lead roofing and infected timbers, and it has been estimated that during the next ten years £20,000 will be required for routine maintenance. Once again the Friends of the Cathedral have been active, and they have organised a fine art sale, which is to take place in Winchester's Guildhall on April 21, 22 and 23, and which will be conducted on one day by the chairman of Christie's. The Queen and other members of the Royal Family are among the vast number of people who have sent valuable contributions to the sale, and it is hoped that more than half the £20,000 will be raised during the three days.

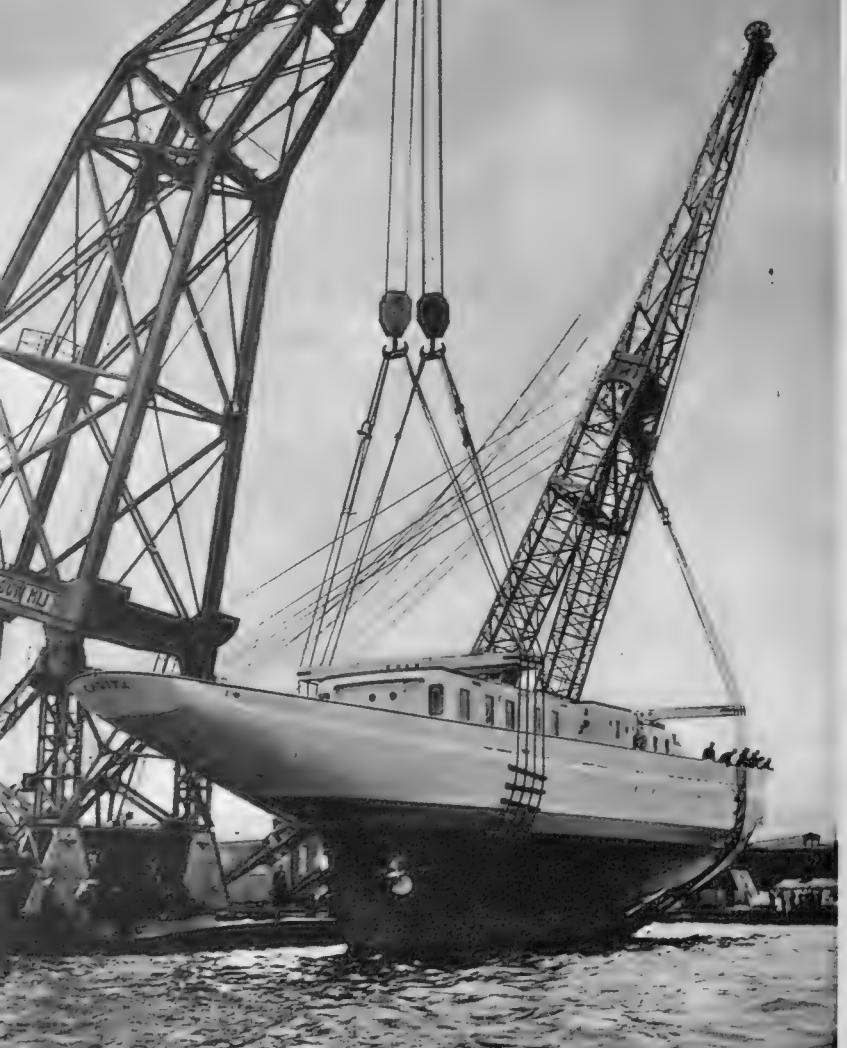
On left—
AN ASSORTMENT OF STONE FIGURES: They have become detached from the fabric during recent years and will be replaced at a later date. The figures are mainly of kings and Winchester's bishops.

BELFAST TO TOKYO BAY

New British Cargo Liners; A Presidential Yacht and Two Luxury Sailing Ships; Launching a New Royal Navy Frigate

A NEW BRITISH CARGO LINER: The motor vessel *Tewkesbury* slides smoothly into the water from a slipway of the Burntisland Shipbuilding Company Limited, in Fife. The new ship has a deadweight of about 11,900 tons and is 430 ft. in length and 62 ft. in breadth. She has five cargo holds, and a 5,500-h.p. Hawthorn-Doxford oil engine is being installed amidships. A special feature of *Tewkesbury* is a fresh-water generator which produces 12 tons of domestic water every 24 hours, eliminating the need for large storage tanks. The ship is being built by the Burntisland shipyard for the Alexander Shipping Company Limited.

A NEW PHILIPPINE PRESIDENTIAL YACHT: Japanese dockworkers give a cheering farewell to the *Lapu-Lapu* as she is pulled by tugs into Tokyo Bay for her maiden voyage to Manila. Construction of the new Philippine yacht started eight months ago in one of the shipyards near Tokyo and has cost nearly £900,000. The work was done under Japan's war reparations programme. *Lapu-Lapu* replaces a Government cutter which was sunk by the Japanese in 1941. Allegations of extravagance because of the cost of the vessel have been made against the Philippine President, Mr. Carlos Garcia, but the yacht has been described as almost austere compared with other such craft. *Lapu-Lapu* is 277 ft. long and 43 ft. wide, and has a gross tonnage of 2,200 tons. She is named after the Filippino chieftain who killed the explorer Ferdinand Magellan, the discoverer of the Philippine Islands.

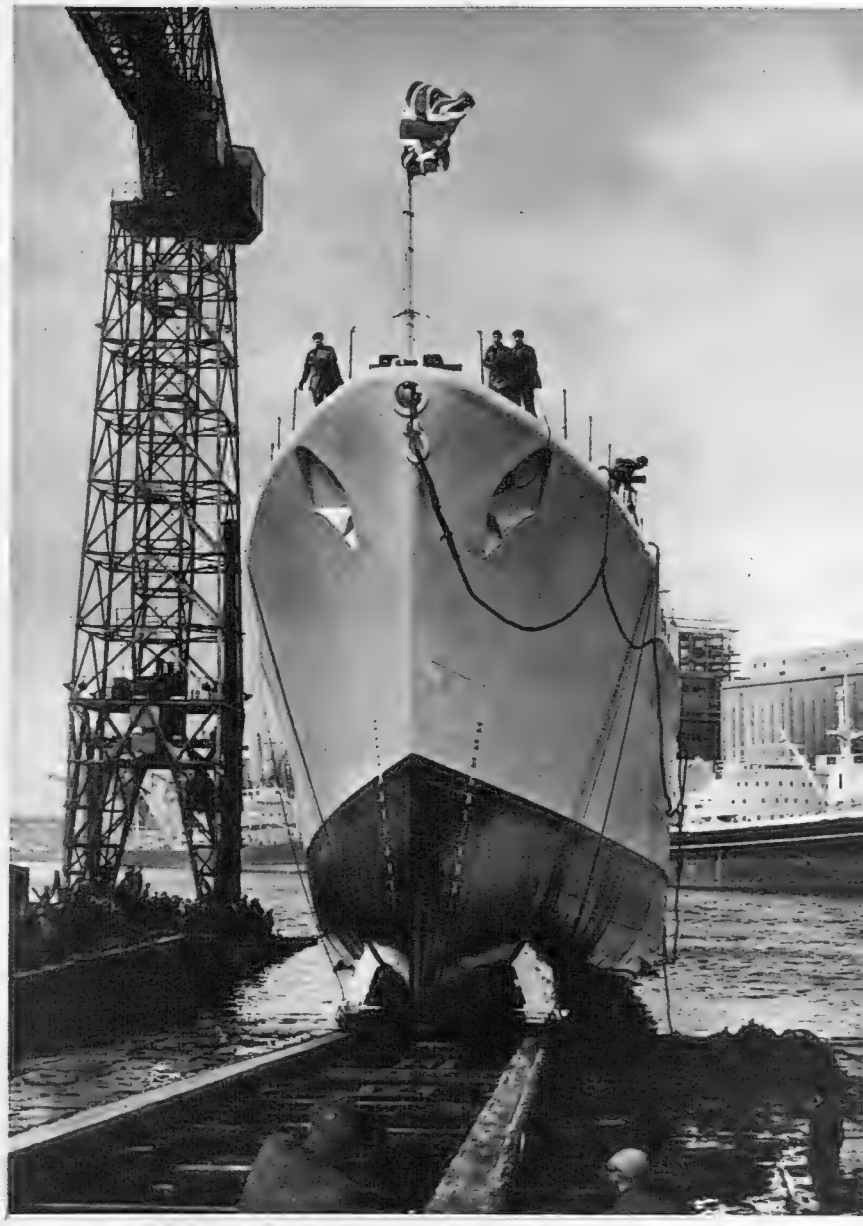


A SCHOONER FOR A MILLIONAIRE: At Amsterdam two 200-ton floating cranes lower the luxury craft *Carita* gently into the water. She had been carried along the Amsterdam waterfront in this manner because the water outside the boatyard where she was being built was too shallow for a normal launching. The boatyard was also too low for her three masts to be put up there. The *Carita* is being built for the Greek shipowner Mr. J. C. Carras by G. De Vries Lentsch, Jr., who specialise in the construction of yachts. There is accommodation for the owner's family, nine guests and a crew of twenty. The schooner is almost 160 ft. long and will have a sail area of more than 750 sq. yards. Her twin screws are powered by two diesel engines, each developing 600 h.p.

THE RUSSIAN FISHING FLEET IN THE BERING SEA: Through the drifting pack-ice of the sea which divides Alaska from Russia steams a Soviet fishing vessel. A fairly large Russian fleet based on Vladivostock fish these waters alongside the Japanese, with whom they have an agreement. The catch is mainly crab and salmon. Further north American vessels from Alaska engage in sealing. Navigation is made difficult by ice for many months in the winter.

A MERCHANT SHIP COMPLETED IN NORTHERN IRELAND: The *Rosebank*, a cargo motorship of 8,700 tons gross, is under way after her completion by Harland and Wolff Limited at their Belfast shipyard. Designed on modern lines the new vessel has a curved, raked stem rounded above the waterline, a cruiser stern, two masts and a single oval-shaped funnel. There are five main cargo holds, two aft of the machinery space and three forward. *Rosebank* is the latest addition to the large fleet of Andrew Weir and Company Limited, of London.

A MOTORSHIP BUILT IN FIFE: Before her delivery to her owners, Johnston Warren Lines Limited, of Liverpool, the cargo liner *Mystic* runs her sea trials off the East Coast of Scotland. Built by the Burntisland Shipbuilding Company Limited, the *Mystic* has a deadweight of 10,685 tons, drawing 26 ft. 8 ins. of water. She has three holds and two deep tanks, the latter arranged to carry iron ore, water ballast or dry cargo and with oil-tight bulkheads. Her cargo-handling equipment is both modern and plentiful. She is powered by a diesel engine which develops 8,000 b.h.p. at 115 r.p.m. and has four diesel-driven generator sets to supply auxiliary power.



LAUNCHING THE FOURTH SALISBURY CLASS FRIGATE: H.M.S. *Lincoln* slides down the slipway at the Govan shipyard of the Fairfield Shipbuilding and Engineering Company Limited. An air direction frigate, *Lincoln* is the fourth in the new Salisbury class, all the vessels being named after cathedral towns. At the launch it was said that as much steel and labour was required to build her hull as that needed by a modern super-tanker twenty times her size.

AN AMERICAN LUXURY YACHT UNDER CONSTRUCTION AT COWES: The Stars and Stripes flutters at the stern of the *Rara Avis* after launching at the Isle of Wight boatyard of Groves and Gutteridge Limited, who are completing her for her owner, Captain Paul Hammond, the American yachtsman. Said to be probably the most luxurious yacht of her size to have been built in Europe since the war, the *Rara Avis* has a displacement of 200 tons, is 96 ft. long and has a beam of 22 ft. The final cost will be about £90,000. *On left*—Looking forward along the deck of the *Rara Avis* before her launching at Cowes, a complex array of ropes and cables is seen. Her hull and three masts are of steel, the tallest mast being 79 ft. high. Having something of the appearance of a Thames sailing barge, the yacht has a draught of only 4 ft. 6 ins., but for ocean crossings two large drop keels will be used. Her rig is of the Bermudan schooner type. Auxiliary power is given by two 130-h.p. Mercedes Benz diesel engines coupled to variable-pitch propellers. Construction of the *Rara Avis* was originally started in Holland.

NEW HEADQUARTERS FOR NATO IN PARIS : The imposing building, shaped in the form of a letter "A," is a combined effort of the fifteen member countries of the Organisation which are subscribing to its cost. It stands on a site at the end of the Avenue Foch, at the beginning of the Bois de Boulogne, and was designed by a French architect, Jacques Carlu, to take the best advantage of the light and the shape of the site. It is stated that the shape was not intended to stand for the first letter of Atlantic. Started on December 26, 1955, it is due to be completed in October of this year, the tenth anniversary of NATO. Being built at a cost of approximately £3,000,000, the structure of reinforced concrete and brick facings will accommodate 1,000 offices, 13 conference rooms, 4 radio studios, 2 television studios, 2 restaurants and a cafeteria. In one of the two basements of the buildings there will be parking space for 500 cars and 100 scooters. The rooms will be heated by ceiling panels and the conference rooms air-conditioned. The new building will enable all the delegations to be grouped together.

Diversity in Skylines

In Paris, Hamburg, London and Scotland

A NEW CHAPEL IN HAMBURG: The pointed spire in the foreground is part of a chapel being built in the German port by the Norwegian Sailors' Mission. Resting on four concrete pillars, the spire is shaped to remind Norwegian sailors of churches in their homeland. The building is nearly complete. In the background is the tower of St. Michael's Church, one of the famous landmarks of Hamburg and for a long time the only spire in this section of the city. It is much favoured by tourists for its fine panoramic view.

BIGGIN HILL CHURCH IS NEARLY READY FOR CONSECRATION : Scaffolding surrounds the belfry tower of the church in Kent, which has been rebuilt from the fabric of the disused All Saints' Church in North Peckham. The consecration has been arranged for April 25. Much of the work has been done by the vicar, the Rev. Vivian Symons. Inside the 60-ft.-high detached belfry, six bells have been hung. Made by a firm in Loughborough, Leicestershire, the bells range in weight from 4 to 7 cwt. and have been purchased out of voluntary contributions. The smallest, a treble bell, weighing nearly 4 cwt., has been bought out of children's gifts, and bears the inscription, " I am the little children's bell." The peal will sound for the first time on April 25

A SECLUDED AND FAMOUS HOTEL: The large and palatial Gleneagles Hotel, in Perthshire, has been mentioned, among other widely dispersed places, as an alternative venue to Geneva for the Summit Conference proposed later this year. Top left is part of the Queen's Golf Course, one of the three courses at the hotel. The hotel takes its name from the surrounding sparsely populated district. Set in 600 acres of grounds and surrounded by trees on three sides, the imposing building can hold 300 people for conferences and has 250 bedrooms. There are two restaurants, and shops, banks, a cinema and swimming-pool. According to many reports, Mr. Macmillan favours a secluded retreat for high-level conferences.

THE NEW SURGICAL BLOCK FOR GUY'S HOSPITAL IN LONDON: The eleven-storey structure, which is due to be finished some time next year, is known as New Guy's House. On the right is the tower of Hunt's House, the present medical block. The foundation-stone of the new structure was laid in September of last year. New Guy's House will accommodate 378 beds in 14 wards, 10 operating theatres and other facilities. It stands in an area of seven acres, which has been designated by the London County Council for future hospital development plans. Ultimately it is hoped to accommodate all the beds in the hospital in new buildings. The surgical block, including equipment, will cost over £2,000,000.

UNEXPLODED BOMB FOUND IN LONDON

South Bank Developments Threatened; Trains Halted at Waterloo

AN UNEXPLODED BOMB FOUND ON THE SOUTH BANK: The German 2,000-lb. "Hermann" type bomb lies in a pit on the site of the new Royal Dutch-Shell building in London. It was discovered by workmen in the early hours of Tuesday morning of last week. Trains using nearby Waterloo Station were halted and other traffic was interrupted. Many buildings as well as Hungerford Railway Bridge and two underground tunnels would have been damaged if the bomb had exploded. Several hundred men had to stop work and evacuate the area for several hours while Army experts examined the bomb.

Below—
ATTEMPTS TO MAKE THE BOMB SAFE: An officer of the Royal Engineers Bomb Disposal Squad, which was called in, tries to remove the base-plate with a hammer and chisel. Later, although it had not been defused, the bomb was declared safe.

BUILDINGS IN DANGER: Three Army experts work to make the bomb safe in the pit where it was found by workmen. The site is that of the Royal Dutch-Shell Group's new office blocks. In the background is County Hall, the headquarters of London County Council. Buildings within a radius of 200 yards would have been damaged if the bomb had exploded. The Festival Hall and Waterloo Station are only 100 yards away.

On left—
TAKING THE BOMB AWAY: Ten hours after its discovery the bomb was loaded on to a lorry near Waterloo Station to be taken to Shoeburyness. There it was to be electrically exploded. The bomb disposal squad were unable to take out the fuse, which had become jammed inside.

The Progress of the Ball Point Pen

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

SOME weeks ago, when I tried to replace the fountain pen that had served me satisfactorily for several years, I found out that this particular brand was no longer being made. It had been one of the makes that really tried particularly to cater for the individual writing characteristics of its customers—offering a wide range of styles of nib for each model, and allowing any chosen nib to be exchanged free during the first week or so; the service centres where one could have repairs done as well as buy new ones must have been quite expensive to run. This had not been a cheap fountain pen; little attempt had been made to "streamline" its outward appearance in recent years, though it was among the first makers to introduce a special pen to suit the fashion for italic handwriting.

This kind of pen had been made since early this century; it was among the first brands of self-filling pen to become established in Britain. The company was bought by Biro, the best-known name in ball pens, a few years ago; at first, its new owners marketed both styles of pen. About a year ago Biro stopped making ordinary fountain pens, as a policy decision. "Making more ball pens than any other firm in the country keeps our hands pretty full," commented a spokesman of the group this week. Though no maker publishes individual production figures, Biro is accepted in the trade as the largest producer here; through its international associations, it may rank as the largest in Europe.

This special case of one of the best known of ordinary fountain pens being taken over by a ball-pen group and later ceasing to be made is not typical of what has been happening to the handwriting business during the last decade. As an "example," it would greatly exaggerate the effect of the competition on conventional fountain pens, in a business where many makers would argue that the ball pen's inroads have been mainly at the expense of the propelling pencil, not of other pens. But it may at least symbolise the position of great strength that this relative new-comer among writing instruments has won itself in the short space of years since the war.

The fountain pen itself has not had a very long history. The quill pen did not begin to be superseded in general use by the steel pen nib until the 1830's. Some crude reservoir pens had been made a few years before that, but development was slowed by the lack of a suitable material to form the "barrel" handle of the pen. With the discovery that rubber, then "gutta-percha," could be vulcanised into a hard moulded form (effectively the first plastic), this gap was filled. But it was not until the '80's that fountain pens began to be offered commercially. These were filled with the little glass dropper tube. It was not until after the First World War that self-filling pens, with a rubber sack inside that could be filled by squeezing with a lever or some similar device, became generally on offer.

The beginnings of the ball pen, again, overlap the later stages of that evolution. In 1888 an American, J. J. Loud, invented a "big ball pen" for marking rough surfaces; it was patented and marketed for writing on fabrics, but never developed for ordinary handwriting. The Loud pen played no direct part in the development of the ball pen as we know it; but later it was to have a significant indirect influence. The modern ball pen was invented in Hungary shortly before the Second World War by two brothers, Lladislao and Georg Biro; they applied for patents in 1938. When war came they moved to the Argentine and went on working; by late in the war they had perfected the pen sufficiently to license American rights to Eversharp and Eberhard Faber. This must, by chance, be one of the first new industrial products ever to have been made, initially, in the Argentine.

By the end of the war the pens were on sale in Buenos Aires; a visiting American businessman, Milton Reynolds, bought a handful to take back as novelties to his friends. He did more than that; he looked into the patent position in the United States and discovered the existence of the Loud ball-pen patent. This limited the effect of the Biro patents; by designing a different feed for the ink to flow from its capillary tube to the ball-bearing point, Reynolds was able to make a pen that did not infringe them. He was able to produce and market it several months before Eversharp was ready to put the Biro pen on the American market.

A WRITE-OUT MACHINE: Watched by students on the Parker student course for stationers and retailers, pens are tested in the machine. The pens undergo automatic writing tests over a long period at the works in London of the Parker Pen Company.

The early ball pens were advertised to the skies with impressive-sounding claims, some relevant, such as being proof against leaking in aircraft (which an ordinary fountain pen left filled may do even in a pressurised airliner), some irrelevant, such as the capacity to write under water (useful, perhaps, for correspondence while skin-diving). Mr. Reynolds was the archetype of the commercial *entrepreneur*; he stayed in the business long enough to make a killing, then departed abruptly for other fields of enterprise. The ball pen, however, was there to stay. There was some further technical development; viscous quick-drying inks, for example, which made it possible to market the retractable type of ball pen, without an actual cover for the ball-point. But the development has been mainly commercial—from an attractive novelty to a general, relatively cheap article of convenience.

Ball pens are not all cheap; they were entering a market where cheapness is not entirely an advantage. The fountain pen, for example, is an item of conspicuous consumption as well as a personal handwriting instrument; some of the *cachet* that attaches, for example, to the Parker 51 or the Shaeffer is not unconnected with the general knowledge that these are among the most luxurious ways of handwriting in the world. At this top level—where the ball pen can compete perhaps only with the propelling pencils that may go as mates to the luxurious pens in their elegant gift-cases—ball pens have a special finish and quality to match. Waterman, for example, markets a slim, handsome ball pen with a sapphire ball point (it gives, the firm says, smoothness and ink adhesion to paper, which are generally contradictory qualities).

But at the bottom of the market one can buy a perfectly reliable ball pen for a shilling or two—which is more than can be said for fountain pens or even propelling pencils. Essentially this is a cheap standardised article that can be had more cheaply than either of the other writing instruments, both of which it can replace. It does not necessarily do so; as one maker of both ball and conventional fountain pens said last week, "Anyone paying a bit more thinks they ought to have a fountain pen." There are, moreover, abiding areas of resistance to its standardised qualities. It is not impossible to write well with a ball pen; but it is perhaps more difficult to write elaborately, for people used to the varying up and down strokes of an ordinary nib. (I must confess to some prejudice here, as an "italicist"—but I am reminded that in my schooldays, being taught the Civil Service handwriting that it took me many years to forget, I was forbidden to use a fountain pen, which was held to distort the sterling qualities of the plain steel nib.)

Opinions differ in the stationery trade about where competition from the ball pen has made its main inroads. But the statistics at least illustrate its dramatic advance. In 1935 British makers made 9,000,000 fountain pens and about 155,000,000 pencils of all kinds. In 1947 they made 8,500,000 fountain pens—and 2,000,000 ball pens. In 1957 they made 10,500,000 fountain pens, about 237,000,000 pencils, plain and coloured—and no fewer than 53,000,000 ball pens. The numbers of propelling pencils made are not published. The average ball pen is much cheaper than the average fountain pen; in the production census of 1954, for example, when between two and three times as many ball pens as fountain pens were being made, the total value of the ball pens hardly exceeded those of the fountain pens.

So their dominance in the value of turnover to-day is unlikely to be anything like their majority in numbers made. Nevertheless, against them the propelling pencil looks to have declined; in a market where the number of handwriting instruments of one kind and another bought has risen by about a third since 1948, the number of ordinary fountain pens sold has not significantly changed. One may think of the ball pen as living in a different market from the conventional graphite pencil, which is certainly sold in far greater quantities; but in the trade it is reckoned that the ball pen is competing on the margin of this market too, for example, with non-refillable models, and Venus, among other pencil-makers, is now selling a ball pen as well.

To-day Britain appears to be buying about four pencils a year for every man, woman and child in the country; these are consumable, though one has a slight feeling that the pencil manufacturers' business must rest heavily upon the fact that many pencils aren't ever sharpened down to anywhere near the end before one buys another. The ball pen, the propelling pencil, and the fountain pen, on the other hand, are durable personal handwriting instruments (perhaps in that order). Exports of pens are not very large, though pen nibs are sold abroad in great quantities. It seems slightly amazing that from the 1957 production figures, at least, there would appear to be about three bought for each person of any age in Britain every two years (say, 1¼ per person per year). And have you bought seven of these for everyone in the family during the last ten years? If you haven't, then it appears that somebody else has bought even more.

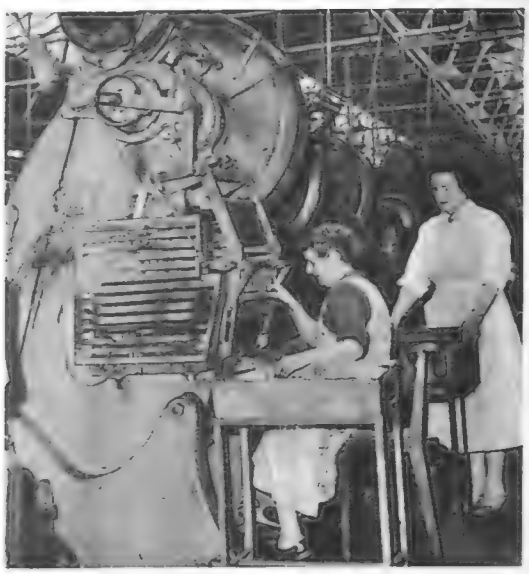
VARIOUS PROCESSES INVOLVED IN MAKING PENCILS: *Left*—At the Venus Pencil Company's factory, in East London, the leads are "laid" in glued slats to form "pencil blocks." *Centre*—The blocks are shaped into pencils, seven at a time, starting on the right and ending as pencils on left. *Right*—The pencils are forced through lacquer baths.

MAKING A COMPREHENSIVE RANGE OF MODELS AND TOYS

Britain's growing prestige in the market of miniature toy models is reflected in the sales of the Mettoy Co. Ltd., whose factory outside Swansea was opened in 1944. Notable for being one of the first light industries in an area of heavy industry, it was soon working to capacity, having changed over from ammunition-carriers to toys after the war. In addition to toys under the Mettoy trademark, the products of the subsidiary company, Playcraft Toys, are also made there—these include Corgi models and Aurora construction kits. Corgi die-cast scale models are a comprehensive and accurate range of model racing, sports and saloon cars, Land-Rovers, commercial vehicles and rocket age equipment.

Under the Mettoy trademark are larger toys such as racing cars, kitchen ranges, motor-coaches, Hoover washing machines, electric garages complete with lifts, petrol stations, machine-guns, tommy-guns and shooting games. Dolls-houses, toy organs and typewriters are also made. The Aurora section specialises in plastic assembly kits of figures of medieval knights on foot or horseback, Scottish dancers, Indian chiefs and squaws, Chinese mandarins and girls, as well as tanks, aircraft and ships. They can be painted by the purchaser. The products of the company are sold in practically every country except those behind the Iron Curtain.

More than 1,200 people are employed at the factory. Great attention is paid to ensuring accuracy of detail and that the working models give a realistic performance. In addition the use of anti-toxic paint enables the toys to be sucked by children with impunity; great care is taken that there are no sharp points which might cause injury. Everything is provided for the youth of to-day from penguins and toy animals to guided missiles. Despite Germany's traditional hold on the toy-making industry, British firms have found a profitable field for exports on the Continent.



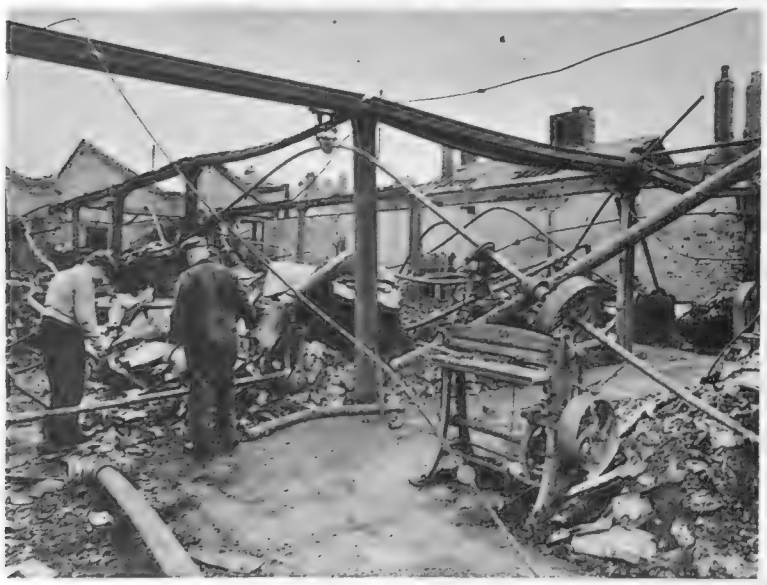
MODEL RACING CARS: The toys pass along the conveyor line of the factory at Fforestfach, outside Swansea, of Mettoy Company Limited. At the factory, besides Mettoy toys, the products of a subsidiary company, Playcraft Toys (Corgi models and Aurora construction kits), are also manufactured. *Right*—It is possible to type a letter on these miniature toy typewriters, which are sold all over the world.

On left—

IN OPERATION: Different types of chassis for Corgi miniature cars are produced on this press. Models include most of the famous makes.

ELECTRONIC COMPUTER

Mr. A. Young (centre), of the Mathematical Laboratory, Liverpool University, watches the installation of an English Electric Deuce computer at the University. Due to be in operation in the early summer, the machine is an electronic digital computer and will be used to extend the work on numerical analysis, for which the Liverpool mathematical laboratories have been noted for twenty-five years. Built and installed by the English Electric Company's Data Processing and Control Systems Division at Kidsgrove, in Staffordshire, it is the twenty-fourth Deuce computer produced by them.



REBUILT IN TEN MONTHS AFTER A FIRE IN WOLVERHAMPTON

After a disastrous fire on May 28, 1958, the factory of the Wolverhampton Box Company, in Staffordshire, was destroyed, as can be seen in the picture, *left*. By March of this year, ten months after the fire, the factory was rebuilt and is now in full production. *Right* is the main floor of the new building, measuring 180 ft. by 110 ft., which is clear of roof supports and gives a large working area. In the old factory there were seventy-four cast iron columns; to-day the roof is effectively supported on three main stanchions. The construction is fire-resisting with a steel framework and a roof covered with 2-in.-thick wood-wool slabs, which are heat-resistant and sound absorbent. The company to-day, in modernising and re-designing the works, has a 50 per cent. higher capacity. The despatch bay has been remodelled and the heating chamber rebuilt. Many operations formerly carried out by hand are now done mechanically. Among the new machinery installed are Thompson British Automatic Printing Platens, Miller two-colour printing presses and Babcock and Glockner printing machines. Modern machinery has also been installed in the carton department and the covered-box, folding-box and rigid-box departments. When the company was formed in 1922, the factory was confined to rigid, wire-stitched and paper-covered boxes, but in 1938 plain and printed cartons were added to the range and offset lithographic and letterpress printing undertaken. In 1956, Bryant and May Ltd., acquired the share capital of the company.

THE MECHANISED CUTTING OF RISERS

An M.C. 50 heavy-duty oxy-acetylene cutter, supplied by British Oxygen Gases Ltd., has been installed by F. H. Lloyd and Co. Ltd., of Jamesbridge Steelworks, Wednesbury, Staffs. It is used by them for the removal of risers or headers to facilitate handling of castings for turbo-alternators. The picture shows the cutter in operation on the casting of a low-pressure turbine cylinder similar to those used at nuclear and conventional power stations. It can be used economically and with a minimum of expenditure of labour on the part of the operators. It allows cutting to be carried out at 400 deg.–450 deg. C. to avoid cracking of the casting and permits headers to be removed on a production basis. Capability of cutting is up to 50 ins. in thickness. The castings are made in floor moulds in the heavy foundry and the risers can only be removed by equipment, such as this, which is capable of cutting in a horizontal position.

On right—

ASSEMBLING THE MOULD: The steel mould of a tetrapod consists of four sections, all of which are bolted together, and three end-pieces. Tetrapods can be cast virtually on the site; this gives them an advantage over large blocks of stone, which are often expensive to transport, as well as being difficult to quarry. Laying is done with special travelling cranes which have a reach of some 60 ft.

TETRAPODS AT BOMBAY

A new method of breaking the force of waves in front of a sea wall is being installed at Bombay. Normally, large blocks of stone or concrete are used, but these cause excessive suction when the waves retreat. This means that stones and sand are sucked away from around and beneath the blocks of stone, resulting in their eventual sinking or moving out into deeper water. Tetrapods eliminate a large part of this suction because their surfaces are rounded. In the picture *above*, tetrapods, which are cast in concrete, are seen assembled ready for placing on the beach. When set out in large numbers they break up the waves into small channels and thus dissipate their force. The tetrapod is a French invention, handled by the Société d'Exploitation de Brevets pour Travaux à la Mer, Grenoble, France. In Bombay they are being made and put into position by the firm of Steelcrete (Provate) Limited.

TESTING A MISSILE: A Thunderbird guided missile is festooned with icicles during climatic tests in the cold chamber at the English Electric Company's works at Stevenage, in Hertfordshire. Thunderbirds are anti-aircraft weapons.

RIGOROUS ATMOSPHERIC TESTS FOR THE THUNDERBIRD

Dust-storms, tropical downpours and Arctic temperatures are some of the operating conditions which guided missiles have to withstand on site. At the English Electric's works a Thunderbird missile is half-hidden by an artificial sandstorm. The dust, which is as fine as flour and is mixed with sand, is sprayed throughout the test chamber on the missiles and launching equipment for half an hour. After 20 minutes, the equipment is tested, and then after half an hour's " dusting," it is examined to see that no dust has entered. Water sprays are used to simulate heavy rainstorms, and salt spray is employed to ensure that weapons are unaffected by being maintained at action stations in coastal positions. Freezing tests last for fourteen days, during which the missile is kept at minus 20 deg. C. ; the components are tested each day. By combining the various conditions simulated in the test chambers, it is possible to subject the Thunderbird to all the atmospheric and temperature changes it would meet during a normal firing from the ground anywhere in the world. The Thunderbird anti-aircraft missile is to be standard equipment with British Army formations. It has been designed to enable easy servicing.

AN ANCIENT FLORENTINE TRADITION: In the Cathedral Square in Florence fireworks inside the ornamented structure are exploding as an official attends to the decorations. The ceremony is that of the "Scoppio del Carro" (the explosion of the cart). Part of the tradition includes the lighting of fireworks on a papier mâché dove which is then supposed to fly to the high altar of the Cathedral. If it reaches the altar superstition decrees that the year's harvest will be a good one. If it does not the crops will fail.

Fireworks in Florence

A 500-Year-Old Tradition Gives Omens of a Good Harvest

At the beginning of the fifteenth century a Florentine nobleman, Pazzino de Pazzi, returned home from Palestine with flints from the Holy Land. He built an ornamental cart from wood and in it he lit a fire using the flints. The cart with the "holy fire" was drawn round the streets of Florence at Eastertime. In a modified form the tradition is still continued. It is called the "Scoppio del Carro," the explosion of the cart, and takes place in the Piazza del Duomo, the Cathedral Square, in Florence, every Easter Saturday at mid-day. The original cart, or carro, was replaced in 1765 by another and this is the one used to-day. It is a three-tiered construction of wood, some 40 ft. high. Before the ceremony it is filled with fireworks and decorated. The "carro" is brought to the square by a procession of banner-bearers, drummers, dignitaries and halberdiers, all in medieval dress. Attached to the "carro" by a length of string is a papier mâché dove to which are fastened fireworks. When these are lit the dove is supposed to fly into the Cathedral and land on the high altar. Superstitious Florentines believe that if the dove reaches the altar the year's harvest will be a good one; if not the crops will fail. Despite rain this Easter in Florence the ancient tradition was watched by many people and was described as successful. So the omens predict a fine year for Italian farmers.

GUARDED BY HALBERDIERS: Before the ceremony halberd-bearers dressed in medieval uniforms guard the ornate wooden structure in front of the Baptistery of the Cathedral.

THE START OF THE CEREMONY: In drizzling rain a procession of banner-bearers, drummers, dignitaries and halberdiers, dressed in the colourful costume of the times when the tradition began, stand in the Cathedral square. Behind, under umbrellas and cordoned by helmeted soldiers, are spectators, who this year numbered more than ever.

A Royal Day in Oxfordshire

The Queen Spends 6 Hours Touring the County

On left—
A PRESENT FOR THE QUEEN: Her Majesty receives a pair of locally-made gloves from the Mayor of Woodstock, Councillor C. W. Banbury, during her visit to the Town Hall. She was also shown another pair of gloves which are believed to have been worn by Queen Elizabeth I. The Queen's visit to Woodstock formed part of her 6-hour tour of the county of Oxfordshire. She travelled 90 miles and also visited Banbury (where she arrived by train from Windsor Castle), Chipping Norton, Ditchley Park, Witney, Shirburn Castle and Henley. At Ditchley Park, Her Majesty took luncheon with Oxfordshire County Council and also inspected a guard of honour of the 4th Battalion, The Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry (T.A.). During her visit to Chipping Norton the Mayor, Councillor S. D. Wykes, pointed out the coat of arms of H.M.S. *Magpie*, the ship once commanded by the Duke of Edinburgh. The *Magpie* had been "adopted" by the town in 1942 as part of the National Savings campaign.

On right—
BANBURY CAKES FOR THE QUEEN: The carton of one dozen cakes is being presented by the Mayor of Banbury, Alderman Mrs. M. A. Johnson. On arrival at Banbury the Queen was met at the railway station by the Earl of Macclesfield, Lord-Lieutenant of Oxfordshire, and town officials. The Royal party then drove to the Town Hall.

Below—
BLANKETS IN PRODUCTION: The Queen, accompanied by Mr. J. P. Early, Chairman of the Early Blanket Mills, is seen touring the factory during her visit to Witney. On her arrival in the town Her Majesty was met by Councillor R. E. Tarrant, Chairman of Witney Urban District Council.

AT CHIPPING NORTON: Just before entering the Town Hall, Her Majesty turns to wave to the people outside. Members of youth organisations line the steps. In this town the Queen received a posy of flowers from Mrs. E. J. Margetts, aged 100.

The World of Books

A BOURBON OF BOURBONS

A Biography of a Seventeenth-century French Duchess; a Study of an Elizabethan Countess; About the Second World War; Walter Allen's Novel Heads a Week of Varied Fiction

ONE of the greatest ladies of France, who lived her long life through three-quarters of the seventeenth century, was Anne Marie Louise d'Orléans. She was first cousin to Louis XIV, a duchess three times over and a princess at least twice, apart from her other honours. She was a Bourbon of Bourbons, rich, influential to the amazing extent of French Royalty in that epoch, and is said to have cherished a desire to live the simple life or, rather, to have been born to it. Since that was demonstrably impossible, she did her best with the circumstances at her command, turned down the princes and kings, including Charles II, who sued for the hand of the greatest heiress in France, and continued as a sprightly, slightly tomboyish spinster until, in middle-age, she fell hopelessly in love with a man both younger and shorter than herself, a man who was in no sense a good match for her and whose effect on her life was very nearly disastrous.

Miss V. Sackville-West has written the biography of La Grande Mademoiselle, as she was always known in the days of those assiduous chroniclers, St. Simon and Madame de Sevigné, and, under the appropriately resounding title of DAUGHTER OF FRANCE (Michael Joseph. 25s.), this is by any odds the most fascinating piece of history to be published this week.

Another and far more forceful lady, whose biography has just been written by Miss E. Carleton Williams, was that Elizabethan figure, BESS OF HARDWICK (Longmans. 25s.), who was born in Derbyshire and lived to a very great age for those times, dying at eighty-seven with four husbands to her credit or discredit, and a notable amount of fine building, including the original Chatsworth, to form memorials to her. This is another study of power in feminine hands, but, whereas La Grande Mademoiselle came by hers through heredity, Bess of Hardwick acquired hers through force of character as much as through her marriages, which included one to Sir William Cavendish, ancestor of the Dukes of Devonshire of the period, and one to the Earl of Shrewsbury.

Historians have called her "Shrewsbury's termagant Countess" or "an incorrigible intriguer with the tongue of an adder" and one chose to refer to her as "a woman of masculine understanding and conduct; proud, furious, selfish, unfeeling." From all of which it appears that Mistress Hardwick's daughter Bess was something of a handful, that she scarcely suffered fools gladly and that she was a woman of rare independence of spirit. Miss Williams' biography is spirited and full of good things, notably the accounts of the building projects which were the real passion of this strange, intransigent character.

The next two books reflect different and, indeed, opposite aspects of the last war. First, THE NINE DAYS OF DUNKIRK (Faber. 21s.), in which long, absorbing and scrupulously documented volume Mr. David Divine has examined the facts of the 1940 campaign which culminated on the beaches of Dunkirk. In his study the writer has stated what he finds to be the truth of the matter, both as it affected the Army and the Navy and, to a certain degree, the Air Force, and, in so doing, has succeeded in destroying a few myths and rumours.

Some of these still have a familiar ring to middle-aged ears: that it was Brooke, and not Gort, who saved our Army; that the R.A.F. had any kind of air superiority over Dunkirk; that Hitler gave his forces the order to stop; or that the salvation of the B.E.F. was achieved in a heroic but haphazard way through the sole intervention of the little craft, whereas this was, essentially, a naval operation planned and executed with great thoroughness.

STRUGGLE FOR THE SEA (William Kimber. 25s.) is a book of memoirs by Grand Admiral Raeder who, from 1928 to 1943, was Supreme Commander of the German Navy. The era covered here is from Raeder's appointment to this post till the end of the last war, the Nuremberg trials and his imprisonment for life in Spandau, a sentence which was later commuted, after nine years, owing to his age and infirmity. This is, before anything else, a sailor's book, although inevitably politics find their way into it, and certainly the best parts of the volume are those which deal directly with matters of strategy or of naval training. The translation has been made by Mr. Edward Fitzgerald.

To appreciate Mr. Walter Allen's novel, ALL IN A LIFETIME (Michael Joseph. 15s.), the reader must take it slowly, almost deliberately, and extract from its quiet, plain-seeming formula the marvellously good things which are concealed by it, realising that one of those excellences is the simplicity itself and the restraint with which this novel of a working-class life has been written. In a time of inverse class-consciousness and back-to-front snobbery, one is a little diffident about using such a phrase as "a working-class life," but that, I cannot help feeling, is the framework which Mr. Allen has chosen for this distinguished novel, and that he, at least, will not resent the term.

As an old man, the modest, courageous and far from insignificant hero of this story reviews his own life, sure that at the end "some great generalisation about life would have emerged." He doesn't find any such universal key, but he finds happiness in retrospect, in spite of many frustrations and setbacks and, as he prepares for death, he decides that he will be ready to go and that "Bach and Mozart, Beethoven and Brahms, will play me out." A sober but never a depressing book, objective to a degree and with an unornamented style of its own.

AT A LUNCHEON IN MRS. ROOSEVELT'S HONOUR: Lady Churchill emphasises a point as she chats to the widow of Franklin D. Roosevelt at a Foyles Literary Luncheon held at the Dorchester Hotel, in London. In background is Sir Harold Gillett, the Lord Mayor of London. The luncheon marked the publication of Mrs. Roosevelt's latest autobiographical work *On My Own*. She was paying a six-day visit to Great Britain.

THE FOLLOWING SEASONS (Bodley Head. 15s.) is a novel on the theme of the many forms which love may take, and Mr. Donald Ford has written, against the background of a Welsh valley, the intertwining stories of a girl who thinks herself unwanted and the young philanderer who is attracted by her; the love of a farmer for a splendid barmaid; the love of an old man for his famous daughter, and the love of both of them for her illegitimate son. There is a fair amount of Margie Sal The Post and Sarah Jane Evans Top Farm, and there is a certain ebullience of style, but, on the whole, this is both an original and a realistic piece of work.

Mr. Hugh Clevely's story, JUSTIN KELLY (Cassell. 16s.), is about a very different kind of old man from Mr. Allen's, for here is a protracted backward glance at a life that has been full of adventure, movement, violence and colour. The figure of the title is the son of a runaway marriage between an Irish lady and a soldier. He is seen when he is present at the relief of Lucknow, his parents both dead and the boy himself destined to be brought up in Ireland by his grandfather and his grandfather's elegant but raffish friends. From youth onwards his love of fine living and adventure get him into trouble, but save both him and the reader from boredom. Full of lively incident and positively kaleidoscopic movement.

SHOWCASE (Cassell. 16s.) is a big, glossy American novel, as slick as the methods of the operators it describes and very readable. It has plenty of vitality, no chaff at all and great competence in its story-telling. Mr. Mark Dibner has written about a New York department store selling mainly clothes for women with lesser departments for men's outfitting and, rather oddly, furniture. The store, which has a long and dignified history, has fallen on hard times, and its *eminence grise*, a philosophical old Jew in the garment trade, which is one of the city's major industries, appoints an extremely bright man to reorganise the place; a character who is not so much a live wire as a potentially lethal live rail.

M. Pierre Boulle, who wrote *The Bridge on the River Kwai*, has given us another novel of the Far East, this time about Malaya and the terrorist campaign. THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COIN (Secker and Warburg. 13s. 6d.) is as taut and as admirably compact as his predecessor, so that in spite of its brevity, its scope is by no means restricted. I found it absorbing and one too much too soon, as happens with some of the best treats. The translation from the French has been made by Mr. Richard Howard.

DANCE ON THE VOLCANO (Heinemann. 18s.) is concerned with the island of Haiti at the end of the eighteenth century, which is to say towards the end of that *ancien régime* of slaves, slave-owners and "free men." Its author, Miss Marie Chauvet, is herself a Haitian, and she writes with sustained but never excessive force of her country's very real fight for freedom, basing her story on historical events and bringing the land and its people to vivid life. The translation, again from the French, is by M. Salvator Attanasio.

Mr. Robert Lewis Taylor has written a big, rollicking picaresque novel with THE TRAVELS OF JAIME McPHEETERS (Macdonald. 18s.), which is a story of the gold rush to California in 1849, as undertaken by a father and son from Louisville, Kentucky. The son was fourteen when he started the journey westward across the continent, a man in all but years by the time he arrived and there is a lifetime of adventure, hazards and horror in between. As for his father, he had a certain affinity with Mr. Micawber, for he, too, was an incorrigible optimist and, indeed, provides many of the book's occasions for humour. Altogether, a lusty, entertaining version of a tremendous year in America's pioneer past.

Detective story of the week is Mr. Guy Endore's DETOUR THROUGH DEVON (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.), which has nothing to do with cider or cream and is about a town in Indiana and a professor suspected of murder when his true passion was confined to the study of words. Highly original and very good reading, in spite of not being especially mysterious.

Vernon Fane

SHELLEY'S WIDOW

A New Biography of a Little-known Figure

Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, daughter of William Godwin and second wife of Percy Bysshe Shelley, is remembered both because of her strength of character and her literary skill. Richard Church's biography of her appeared in 1928, R. G. Grylls' in 1938, and now comes a most penetrating and lively account of her life by Eileen Bigland, who already has to her credit a biography of Byron. Miss Bigland's book, built largely round Mary Shelley's diaries and letters, adds little to our knowledge, but the sense of atmosphere Miss Bigland creates is superb, notably in those last days in Italy when the ebullient Trelawny burst upon the scene, and the Casa Magni, the Shelleys' home, was full of members of the Shelley circle.

It was Trelawny himself who wrote perhaps the most vivid description of Mary Shelley, arising from the instant admiration which he conceived for her on first joining the family group. "Such a rare pedigree of genius was enough to interest me in her," wrote Trelawny, "irrespective of her own merits as an authoress. The most striking feature in her face was her calm, grey eyes; she was rather under the English standard of woman's height, very fair and light-haired, witty, social and animated in the society of friends, though mournful in solitude; like Shelley, though in a minor degree, she had the power of expressing her thoughts in varied though appropriate words, derived from familiarity with the works of our vigorous old writers." The fatal squall when the poet was lost in the Gulf of Spezia with his friend Williams is the climax of Miss Bigland's book, MARY SHELLEY (Cassell. 25s.). Subsequently the indomitable widow struggled to maintain her son at Harrow and Cambridge. It was then that her firm character was revealed.

Raven Barratt, an American writer who was brought up by her parents in British Columbia, brings out in her first novel the incongruities of a pioneer settlement where the family crest hangs on the wall and the correct precedence in seating lists for dinner is a matter for concern. She calls it appropriately enough CORONETS AND BUCKSKIN (Hutchinson. 21s.). The glamorous colony of remittance men, younger sons and ne'er-do-wells, each family as aristocratic as the next, is rich material. Anyone who knew British Columbia a decade or two ago will find this a fascinating portrait of snobbish pretence amid the untamed wilderness.

It is not hard to judge what possessed Raymond Blackburn to write his political reminiscences and as a sort of afterthought to entitle them I AM AN ALCOHOLIC (Allan Wingate. 15s.). If the reader expects to hear a great deal about these problems he will be somewhat disappointed, although a chapter here and there deals with the increasing urge to drink and the disastrous effect of it upon the author's promising career following his entry into the 1945 Parliament. For the most part, however, these are reminiscences of life and work in the House of Commons and Wormwood Scrubs, and one really wonders which is the most ill-adapted of the two institutions to meet the needs of its inmates. Mr. Blackburn's prison experiences would have been better left unwritten, and his attempts to thwart the pillaging instincts of his fellow-prisoners are naïve to a degree. Regardless of the title there is no stimulation here.

When the great grain ships came into the port of Wallarroo, that was the time for trouble; it became

THREE WAR BOOKS

The appetite for books about the war is not yet exhausted, perhaps because the cooking on average is of a high standard. But twelve years are gone by. These three keep the standard up and all in their different ways are well worth reading. WAR AT THE TOP (Michael Joseph. 21s.) is by General Sir Leslie Hollis and James Leasor. In it the General shows up war at the top, the planners' war, at the conference table and in the Whitehall bunker. It can be fairly described as a companion volume to the memoirs of Churchill, Alanbrooke and Montgomery, less assured of rightness, more human, very shrewd. Promoted suddenly to be Assistant Secretary to the War Cabinet and Chiefs of Staff Committee, he saw the planners at work year in, year out.

David Howarth in DAWN OF D-DAY (Collins. 18s.) shows how the plans worked out or broke down, shows how the men at the front coped with the plans and made the best of things when the plans went astray, as often they did. And this is a very moving, exciting story of the "case history" of a few junior officers and of how their courage and initiative overcame fearful odds. If there are occasional lighter moments in the front line of a bloody battle, there are more of them at the top among the planners. Some of these chiefs commanded untold millions of money-to-burn on trying out the back-room boys' bright ideas, and the reader must not miss the story of the frozen-newsprint "iceberg airfield" and how Mountbatten proved its worth on a cube of Pykrete which he riddled with shots from his revolver while Brooke and Hollis cowered under the table at the Quebec Conference. Compared with the revels of these grave signors, there is poignancy and even greater marvel for the calculated risks of the junior officers at the front, when the plans went agley and only individual initiative and supreme courage could save the day.

Hollis' instructive book perhaps should be kept from the hands of rising subalterns; Howarth's should be carefully studied by chiefs of staff to-day. Both are fine and useful books, which teach many valuable lessons as to how the back looks from the front and vice versa.

As for the third on my list, it is not a book for a tyro to review. The great importance of BRITAIN AND THE ARABS by Glubb Pasha (Hodder and Stoughton. 30s.) lies not only in the clarity of the prose of action but in the fact that it sets out the political philosophy and records the career of a man who devoted the whole of his active life to the cause and understanding of the Arabs, serving in Iraq and Jordan the British and Arab races as if he and they were of one nation. It follows that his conclusions as to the means by which Britain can retrieve even now some of the ground and prestige thrown away by countless political blunders, are of first authority. He believes it is not too late, if Britain would admit those faults and Arabs return to their age-old traditions and abandon the worst features of Westernisation. For the two nations have still much in common in characteristics and in interests, and the mutual respect which each so long felt for the other might still be restored by a frank admission of errors on both sides which, above all causes, have led to that fear and that suspicion, based on grievances real or imagined, which are all over the world the prime instigators of war. Glubb Pasha's detestation of war as an instrument which settles nothing and unsettles everything, runs through the whole of his record and is the basis of his political philosophy forged from his vast and unique experiences. A noble book by a wise man and fine public servant. Nor do the other two books under review suggest that war is otherwise than detestable and futile.

John Gore

ort of gold rush town, at any rate, something out of the Vild West, and the Finns, the Swedes, the Germans, ne Australians, the men of many nationalities who ailed the ships, played the part of the Bad Men, with ne police, the mayor and the sea captains more or less olding the ring, while the town was turned upside down. rank Baines describes the gusty, drunken uproar, which ot so many years ago was a regular feature of this ustralian port, as a climax to his account of a voyage Australia in the four-masted barque *Lawhill*, one of ne last of the grain ships. IN DEEP (Eyre and Spottis-oode. 21s.) is a book written with ruthless realism.

Heinrich Fraenkel's FAREWELL TO GERMANY Bernard Hanison. 18s.) is the autobiography of a erman who first came to Britain in 1914 intending five-week stay, but remaining five years, for the most art in an internment camp. Returning to Germany ter the First World War, Fraenkel drifted, via urnalism, into the film industry, and so to the fringe politics. Mr. Fraenkel is never dull, but in dealing ith the confused and deeply disturbed era of the '30's s personal story evokes special interest.

ENGLISH VICTORIAN JEWELLERY (Country ife. 42s.) is the work of Ernle Bradford. In the last w years there has been a steadily growing interest this subject, as there has been, indeed, in all Victoriana, nd many people have become collectors. Mr. Bradford a most knowledgeable and helpful guide.

R. C. E.

THE OPENING OF STRATFORD'S 100TH SEASON

To many producers of *Othello* the tragedy has been bedevilled by the related problems of casting and interpretation. The first of these at the Stratford Memorial Theatre has been solved by the appearance of Paul Robeson as Othello; although he has played the role in America twice, he has not appeared in Britain as the Moor since before the war. At the opening of the 100th season at Stratford, his magnificent stature and voice enabled him to reveal the gigantic figure of the barbaric general caught by his own simplicity in a web of jealousy. The part of Iago, one of the longest in the Shakespearian corpus, is played by another American actor, Sam Wanamaker. He portrays a villain whose only saving grace is his plausibility and faith in his own cleverness. Held in the grip of this monstrous intrigue is the frail figure of Desdemona, played by Mary Ure. But towering over the swiftly moving production is the figure of Othello—Shakespeare's words underlined by the dominant intensity of Paul Robeson's performance. It gave a rare excitement to the start of a season which will see Sir Laurence Olivier in *Coriolanus*, and Dame Edith Evans in *All's Well That Ends Well.*

A TRIUMPHANT OPENING: In *Othello*, the first play of the season at the Stratford Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, the Moor (Paul Robeson) clasps Desdemona (Mary Ure) to his chest. Paul Robeson, who last played the part in England twenty-nine years ago, was given a highly enthusiastic ovation by critics and audience, on the first night of the 100th season at Stratford.

On right—

"A NOTORIOUS VILLAIN": Othello grips Iago (Sam Wanamaker) by the throat in a scene from the Stratford production of Shakespeare's tragedy.

"PUT MONEY IN THY PURSE": Iago (right) repeatedly exhorts Roderigo (Peter Woodthorpe) not to give up hope of Desdemona in a scene from the first act of the play.

On left—

"LOOK TO HER MOOR": Brabantio (Paul Hardwick) adjures Othello to watch his daughter, Desdemona. Other leading parts in the tragedy are Cassio (Albert Finney), Emilia (Angela Baddeley) and Bianca (Zoe Caldwell). The producer is Tony Richardson with both sets and costumes designed by Loudon Sainthill.

AN INTERESTING NEW SPORTS CAR

Plastic Body and V-8 Engine for the Daimler Dart; Car Hill-climb at Ragley Hall; Parking on Main Roads

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

IT is tantalising to know that the new Daimler Dart sports car will not be available in Britain until after the next London Motor Show in October. I say this because, having been for a ride in the new car (though I have not yet actually driven it) I think it is one of the most attractive newcomers to the sports-car field for a long time. If the inspired guesses are anywhere near the mark the Dart will be sold in Britain for around £1,300, tax included, and I can foresee a substantial order list. So, apparently, can Daimlers, for they are planning an output of 100 a week.

Technically, the new Daimler is unusually interesting. Its 2½-litre engine is the first V-8 to be used in Britain for quite a while and I can testify to the tremendous surge of power it imparts to the light, plastic-bodied two- to three-seater which created so much interest at the New York Motor Show. The makers claim that this 120-m.p.h. car accelerates to 100 miles an hour in less than 30 seconds. The pushrod-operated o.h.v. engine develops 140 b.h.p. at 5,800 r.p.m. In view of these facts it is not surprising that special attention has been given to the question of braking. Disc brakes have been fitted to all four wheels and the car's powers of decelleration are almost as impressive as its impatient, full-power get-aways.

I do not personally think the Coventry firm has reached finality over the styling of the Dart. Its lines are not as smooth as the name demands and I can't help thinking there is something wrong with the back end. It seems too high. Happily, it is easy and inexpensive to modify body shapes when they are of plastic construction. How different it is with pressed steel bodies, with their fantastically costly tooling! I was interested to see that Daimlers have contrived to retain, in the new Dart, the fluted radiator for which Daimlers have been famous through the years. Vestigial flutes appear on the upper rim of the oval grille. The Dart has good luggage space by sports-car standards, and there is a little seat in the back. It is big enough for two children and an adult can squeeze in for a short run.

This new Daimler vividly reflects the change that has come over the old-established Coventry firm since Mr. John Sangster became chairman of the B.S.A. Group, which controls it. He has given full support, in creating the Dart, to Mr. Edward Turner, the famous motor-cycle designer, who is now managing director of Daimlers as well as chairman of the B.S.A. automotive division. It is more than likely that the Dart's V-8 engine will later form the basis of a medium-priced Daimler saloon with a pressed steel body in advanced styling. How refreshing it is to see one of the old specialist firms realistically bringing itself up to date in this way.

All being well, there will be a car hill-climb meeting to-day in the grounds of Ragley Hall, Warwickshire, the home of the Marquess of Hertford. High-powered cars will be roaring up through the park along the main drive which once took the carriages of the British aristocracy. The twenty-eight-year-old Marquess is very honest about it. "I don't much like the idea, quite frankly," he told me, "and I'm not particularly interested in motor sport. My main concern is to attract enough half-crown visitors to Ragley Hall to make it possible to go on living here. I hope the programme of hill-climbs for cars and motor-cycles I am laying on in conjunction with Sunbac—the Sutton Coldfield and North Birmingham Automobile Club—will bring many extra visitors to Ragley Hall. There will be no extra charge—for the time being, at any rate. The hill-climbs will be just another of the attractions for which they will pay their half a crown."

With the financial help of Sunbac the Marquess has had half a mile of his main drive specially surfaced for the hill-climb events. The drive climbs up to the Hall (built by Robert Hooke, a contemporary of Sir Christopher Wren) in a serpentine course between ancient trees which formerly echoed to the sound of horses' hooves in a more gracious, quieter age. Dr. Dennis Taylor, chairman of the committee in charge of the Ragley hill-climb arrangements, told me he hopes Ragley Hall events will later on form part of the British hill-climb championship programme.

I welcomed the plea made by Mr. Harold Watkinson, Minister of Transport, urging Easter motorists not to park on main roads. I hope this official recognition of one of the most annoying of to-day's motoring evils will lead eventually to the complete prohibition of parking on main roads. This is something for which I have been campaigning for a very long time. It amazes me that the police take such little notice of the selfish motorist who will not take the trouble to drive off the road when he wants to stop. Why *should* a motorist be allowed to create these unnecessary bottle-necks whenever he wants to stop to picnic, to stretch his legs or let the engine cool off? He should be made to pull off the road or park his car in a side turning, leaving the main road free and unobstructed. What is the good of spending millions of pounds on widening our main roads if any thoughtless or lazy motorist is allowed to create such an obstruction.

To encourage motorists to park more intelligently the Transport Ministry and its engineers should get out of the habit of putting high kerbstones at the roadside. It is impossible to drive up over these concrete borders without running the risk of damaging one's tyres and wheels and that can be a serious matter in this age of tubeless tyres. These tall kerbstones can be even more dangerous if a motorist has to drive against them in an emergency. They can easily turn a car over or throw it back across the roadway into the path of another vehicle coming up behind.

I must admit that some of Britain's more enlightened road engineers are already laying flush boundary stones at the side of new or improved roads. They are used on the Preston By-pass, Britain's first stretch of motorway, and they will also be a feature of the London-Birmingham motor road. Stopping is forbidden on these motor roads, of course, but the use of flush concrete slabs to mark the edge of the road will enable motorists to run off the road in perfect safety in an emergency or in the event of mechanical breakdown. It is a very welcome improvement.

Manchester was the first provincial town to have an A.A. office. It was opened in Cross Street in 1907, when the Association's membership totalled only a few thousands. Various moves have been made since then and a new office has just been opened in York Street. It replaces premises occupied in St. Peter's Square since 1936. Manchester's new Fanum House has the latest radio and teleprinter equipment and an underground park for operational vehicles. Construction of this modern office is part of a big A.A. expansion programme for 1959. The programme includes extending the area of the Association's radio network, and the building of a new head office in Leicester Square. This will be opened on May 27.

THE NEW DAIMLER DART: The body of the new British sports car, exhibited to the public for the first time at the New York show, is of plastic. Normal output of the Dart starts in the autumn. The new Daimler, which has a 2½-litre V-8 engine, will be sold in the United Kingdom for about £1,300, including tax.

I was present the other day at the opening of another fine new office block in London which is not without motoring interest. I refer to Mercury House, in Knightsbridge, the new head offices of the National Benzole Company Limited. Mr. A. M. Robertson, the firm's new managing director, took the opportunity to remind those present that if we deduct the 2s. 6d. a gallon duty, motor spirit is to-day actually cheaper than it was many years ago. This is due, of course, to the greatly improved refining facilities set up in this country to meet a rapidly increasing demand. Mercury House is a fine building. I hope the congenial surroundings in which they work will encourage the firm's executives to think up new ways of serving the motorist as well as how to make bigger profits for the shareholders. The two things are, of course, synonymous to a large extent.

What else has been happening in the world of motoring? Let's take a look round. . . . The Minister of Transport has inspected the underground car park for 250 vehicles which London City Corporation are building under the new road—Route Eleven—which will eventually link Ludgate Circus with Aldgate High Street. . . . The Glacier Metal Company have given details of an improved version of their centrifugal oil filter (similar in principle to the domestic spin drier) which has been "adopted" by the Russians for three-quarters of all their farm tractors. . . . The A.C.-Delco Division of General Motors have installed £250,000-worth of new plant at Dunstable, Beds, for the manufacture of a new range of A.C. sparking plugs incorporating new insulator and electrode assemblies. . . .

Ford Zephyrs won the team prize in the tough Coronation Safari Rally which took competitors 3,200 miles through Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika at an average speed of more than 47 m.p.h. . . . In a paper read in Detroit Mr. Bernard Winter, the Rootes Group's Director of Engineering, said in twenty-eight years of volume production the Hillman Minx, for a weight increase of only 10 per cent., had increased its engine efficiency by 38 per cent., its engine capacity by 27 per cent. and its net power output by 66 per cent. . . . Douglas Ferreira, a twenty-eight-year-old Preston (Lancashire) salesman, has set up a new three-wheeler record by driving from Land's End to John o' Groats in a 250-c.c. Bond Minicar in 23 hours 40 minutes.

THE NEW YORK MOTOR SHOW: The British section in the Coliseum at New York for the annual exhibition is a large one, with most makes represented. The United Kingdom motor industry expect that their sales in America will exceed last year's record by at least 20 per cent.

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Oxford's Art School

Opposition to Suggestions for Closing a Famous Academy

WORK IN PROGRESS: Students paint an arrangement of flower-pots and ivy leaves in a room filled with statuary in the Ruskin School of Drawing and Fine Art at Oxford. Early this year it was reported that the University authorities were considering closing it as part of the economies forced upon the University by the decrease in the amount received from the University Grants Committee. The news led to protests from several distinguished artists and others interested in the school. Eventually the Hebdomadal Council asked the Ruskin Trustees and the Fine Arts Committee of the University to examine the matter fully and report on the future of the school. Both these bodies are understood to have completed reports in favour of its continued existence. Their views should be presented to the Council at the start of next term. Among those who have joined in the public opposition to the closing of the school are Sir Jacob Epstein and Mr. Henry Moore. At present it has about 100 students.

EXTERIOR: The school, which was founded by John Ruskin in 1871, is housed in the Ashmolean Museum, at the top of Beaumont Street.

On right—

IN THE ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM: A pupil draws a Greek statue. One of the advantages for those at the Ruskin School is that the fine collections of the Ashmolean Museum are available to them for study. A full-time course in drawing, painting and graphic design for the University Certificate of Fine Art takes an average of three years. There are also part-time pupils. Some are undergraduates.

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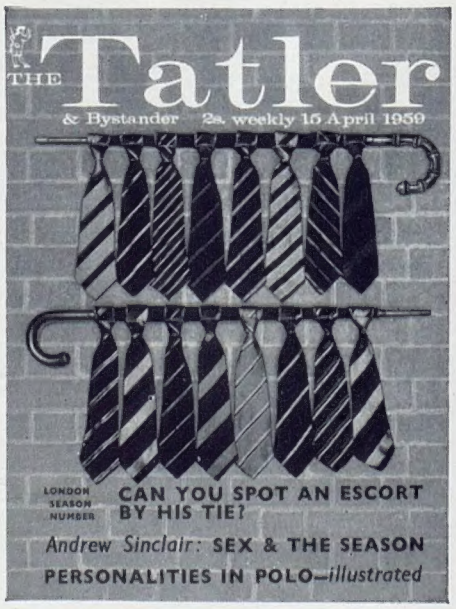

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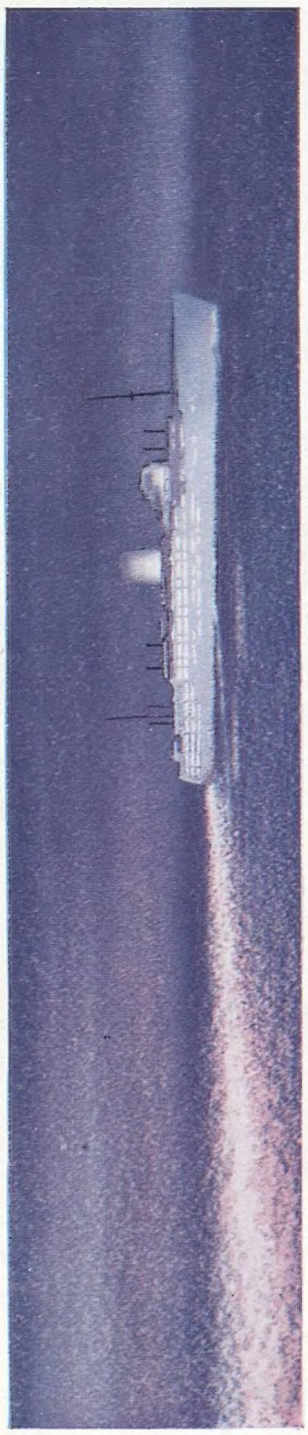

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